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**THE TRAGEDY OF
GEORGE MARSHALL**

THE THINKERS

BY
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

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Our Books abroad

BY J. ALVIN KUGELMASS

YOU CAN FIND them most easily during the late mornings in the fashionable cafés of Rome, Paris, Vienna, Brussels or London, dipping their croissants and savoring the latest revelation of the backwardness and lack of enlightenment in their native land. They are the new post-World War II crop of American expatriates and they break all previous records for belittling things American. It doesn't take much to amuse them — a congressman's speech, an ordinary advertisement, a quote from an American novel or film, touches off a wild, collective explosion of laughter. They are never bothered by contradictions and, if tomorrow, Americans were to do, in every detail, the opposite of what they are doing today, the snide ridicule would be forth-

coming just as promptly.

Each day they discover that Americans have too much money and spend it too freely on all the wrong things; that their sex life is crude and obvious when it isn't too Puritanic and inhibited; that Americans drink to excess, of all the *wrong* fluids, *naturellement*, and when one of the barbarians does run across a potable beverage he is certain not to appreciate it.

As for the relation of Americans to art, it is inexpressably droll. The poor people "in the states" just can't seem to get the idea. Either they pay too little attention to the fine arts or too much. They never buy a painting or they do so wholesale. When a fair number of Frenchmen turn up at the funeral of the poet, Paul Valéry, it reveals the

deep cultural ardor that burns in the breasts of the French masses. When a similar number of Americans attend something like the Van Gogh exhibition, it's crowd psychology. *Que voulez-vous?*

Once you get the perspective of these fixated exiles who can never forget their origin, a new and relatively simple life opens up for you. As a member of a tight little knot of ex-Americans, you can feed your ego endlessly on all the distinctions between you and the benighted people you have left behind or that even more vulgar and hopeless thing, the tourist. Following all the European rituals with fanatic precision — the late breakfast, the extended luncheon, the endless apéritifs, the painfully slow spelling out of foreign newspapers — the expatriate finds that everything he does contributes to prove his superiority. Except, perhaps, when he takes time to cash a check at the American Express office, usually a healthy draft on an American bank.

One thing to remember about this new group is that it has nothing in common with the people who found the gay atmosphere of Europe in the twenties preferable to the noisy rigors of the Volstead era. While many of those were bereted and bearded eccentrics and cranks,

dipsomaniacs and libertines, a number of them had legitimate artistic and cultural aspirations they found difficult to fulfill here. There aren't any potential Hemingways, Steins or T. S. Eliots in this new crew; they don't even much pretend to be. They aren't particularly disillusioned by World War II because they never had any illusions to begin with. And they arrived with very different purposes and flocked together for very different reasons.

The new exodus began precisely on V-E day. About two hours after the Allied victory the same idea went off like a popping bulb in the skulls of a few hundred portly gentlemen with good enough State Department connections to let them assault a pulverized Europe, armed with the necessary high priorities. Instead of typewriters and easels, they strolled down the gangplank carrying shiny briefcases bulging with bills of lading for juicy quantities of sardines, cigarettes, wheat, fertilizers, and perfume atomizers. Some of them specialized in a single commodity for which a starved continent clamored; most were willing to handle everything from penicillin to diapers. They couldn't lose. Some of them got rich quick. The rest got richer quicker. Just how well

they did may be gauged from the fact that entire floors in the fancier Riviera hotels have become part of their standard equipment.

THESE ENTREPRENEURS did not go unnoticed. A lot of officers on furlough watched them fishing in the troubled waters and promptly decided to cast their own nets. They came back home and stayed long enough to shed their uniforms and collect their discharge papers. Then they flew back to master the fine art of sipping early morning cognacs with their *œufs aux beurre noir* while putting over fantastic deals. Professional and social interests naturally drew them into the company of the pioneers and after a while they became indistinguishable from them.

New alliances and minglings followed. With reconstruction and the blossoming of agencies like ECA, UNRRA, etc., a horde of serious, highly educated, bespectacled young men with a mission in life came striding into the key spots of Europe. They didn't stay serious very long and quickly unloaded their missions as they were floated into the ranks on a slow tide of pernod, easy money and ripples of subtle laughter at American Philistinism. They were a welcome

addition to the cliques giggling away the afternoons at atmospheric little places on the boulevards or in mouldering mansions on quiet shady streets. They had connections, information, and a certain fine academic aroma. After a few months of give and take, they, too, became sophisticated, quasi-permanent, well-heeled exiles.

At the present moment our professional ex-Americans number about ten thousand individuals who constitute a special, cohesive, and exclusive caste. Many of them shift from government agency to private enterprise and back again, depending on the rewards and the state of their quivering sensibilities. Most of them are as incapable of remaining in one spot as flea-infested dogs. I attribute their unusual mobility to the fact that if they stay long enough in one place, their identity begins to catch up with them. After all, when one of them has been in Paris for a year and discovers that his French is still barely

J. Alvin Kugelmass had an opportunity to observe the new American expatriates while doing a year's stint abroad recently. He's a veteran magazine man, and is now free lancing. He recently issued a biography of the man who invented the system of printing for the blind, Louis Braille.

adequate to order a dinner, that he still hasn't crashed any exclusive French circles, and that his social life is largely limited to his own species, his private continental myth begins to show cracks. He starts to quarrel with his mates. He sneaks glances at American magazines. And then, before his dream-world disintegrates, he hops into the nearest plane and trades in *café au lait* for *Schlagobers* or *bragiole* for *Smörgasbord*. It requires constant change to keep him distracted.

By now, most of them are pretty well stuck with their hectic careers. Thoroughly adjusted to the rarefied climate of snobbery, quick money and their own grandiose airs, they would get the bends if they ever returned to their prosaic roles back home. For one reason or another, I have known more than a hundred of these interchangeable parts who have managed to live handsomely in nearly every European capital. Economic security alone is enough to keep them at it. If sugar or coffee or fountain pens hit a new low, they can always count on landing a berth with a U.S. agency. With the exchange being what it is, they can even live in considerable style on a salary. They endure regular hours until somebody whispers a few discreet words into their ears and then

they blossom out again as importers of DDT, electric appliances, or machine parts.

The expatriates come from all over America, many of them from the least sophisticated sectors of society. Some of the voices are still in an acutely painful stage between the backwoods drawl and the continental croon. Dress, manners, and tastes are likewise fluctuating, giving rise to a certain amount of fraternal backstabbing and connubial tension. While a husband grunts ecstatically over snails served in butter in gleaming snail shells, a far-off look is apt to creep into the eyes of his wife and you can bet she is thinking how nice it would be to trade in the Louvre for a head of fresh lettuce. If she wants to stay in the swim, however, she learns to suppress such atavistic yearnings and exhibit a properly controlled enthusiasm for stewed octopus and a choice red wine known only to her husband and three local peasants.

After they have become adjusted, the wives retool their nostalgia and spend hours scanning American newspapers and screaming with delight at the department store ads and other quaint bits of Americana. "Did you ever?" they exclaim in twangy rural accents while smoothing down expensive Pari-

sian "creations" which their cousins can buy in a department store for \$14.98.

All references to pregnancy or the prosaic business of rearing a child are greeted with fluttery contempt. Maternity is reserved solely for peasants and Americans who have "nothing else to do, nothing else to think about," as one emancipated wife, formerly a freckle-faced girl from Kansas, informed me. "After all, there are other things in life, *n'est-ce pas?*" she blithely assured me. When I asked what, there was an embarrassed silence. I had committed an indiscretion. A minor one. Then, there was a burst of inspired laughter. They had discovered that I had made a *mot*. I was being sophisticated and sardonic, practically existentialist, in fact. My status as a continental leaped up a few points.

DESPITE ALL their advantages, existence gets thin and monotonous for the expatriates because they have so little participation in the life about them and have cut themselves off from so many normal pains and pleasures. Marriages and friendships never accumulate much warmth in the bleak air of affectation and pretense. As time goes by, they seem to be increasingly beset by major and minor calami-

ties of every description. The divorce rate is amazingly high. So is the incidence of suicides, automobile accidents, acute alcoholism, dope addiction, acute indigestion, and venereal disease.

Other things that don't help them very much are their total rejection of their past and the nervously evasive tricks they acquire for dodging all questions about their lives in the old country. Holding high official posts or having amassed staggering sums as importers from vulgar America, they naturally do everything possible to destroy unpleasant memories of the low positions many of them held before their present aggrandisement. American tourists who come to them recommended by the family are given a quick treatment. The expatriate buys them a drink at one of the "tourist bars," condescends to coach them on how to get along, and sends them on their way. Then he retires to his own hang-out, shudders, and discourses about "the bit of America that came to haunt me."

Take the not untypical case of the entrepreneur who founded a fortune by discovering and exploiting a European vacuum in billiard balls and tables. He wears all the outward habiliments of the rebellious poet of

the twenties, professing a horrified revulsion at America as a barbaric land impervious to the things of the spirit and saturated by venality. He positively shivers when he hears a raw American accent. His admiration for Europe as the home of every worthwhile cultural tradition is loud and zealous. Yet, in his cups, he reveals no greater connection with the seven arts than a lengthy tenure as an elevator operator in a Chicago office building.

Since those days he has come a long way. He maintains luxurious apartments in Rome, Vienna, Berlin, and Paris. In each he has a mistress of representative nationality and a well-stocked wine-closet. A low-slung, snorting, European car awaits his pleasure in each of these capitols. And he has a private plane to take him away from it all to his place on the Riviera. There, overlooking the blue Mediterranean, the cold cultural war on America is resumed with renewed energy. "Where could you see anything so beautiful in the States?" these runaways ask, pointing to the somewhat tattered finery and drapery with as much pride as if they had created it.

As is to be expected, the expatriates rail most wildly at those American comforts which

they have decided to eschew but still miss pretty badly. Plumbing, for example. "Americans think plumbing is the essence of civilization," they tell you, waiting to jump on you if you demur. But European plumbing, which is a pretty dreadful business, understandably makes a lot of more prosy travelers shorten their visits. Then, cleanliness. "I can never understand why Americans make such a fetish of hygiene," one murmurs looking at a tumbler of wine with a ring of dirt around it like a Saturday-night bathtub. He isn't happy about the ring but it goes with the traditions and the finer things. Then, there is the lack of heat in winter, its unavailability in summer, the bad service, trains that leave too early and arrive too late, the maze of indifference and red tape that has to be threaded to get a driver's license, a residence permit, or a marriage certificate.

The expatriate is able to put up with, and even find reasons to extol, conditions he would raise the roof about if he were back home. He even manages to glean inspiration from the sight of filthy streets cluttered with garbage and infested by hordes of small animals and insects. It has a certain charm, you know. America, as they periodically rediscover whenever a death in

the family or a deal takes them there, is so utterly devoid of the charm necessary to sustain them, that a week back home makes one of them a martyr in the eyes of his fellows.

They pounce on a returning hero and congratulate him on his courage while he regales them with stories of the crude American conductors and taxi-drivers, the horrors of American food and California wine, and the denseness of the customs agents who simply couldn't understand that the slightly pornographic etchings were Art.

UNLIKE THE Briton, who has a long history of living away from home, the new American international man is utterly apolitical. The Englishman abroad takes some pride in his government and its history and does something to uphold it. The American does his best to ruin its prestige. His usual epithets for American foreign policy are "crude" and "farcical." European diplomats, he asserts, are polished, subtle, charming men who invariably get the better of the blundering American horse-traders. How do we manage to stay in our relatively enviable position? Luck and the primitive richness of our resources!

All this blatant anti-Americanism might be a trifle more

excusable if it revealed a fiery idealistic contempt for the established order and a healthy if misguided zeal for new ways. But the tirades of the new expatriates have no such content. They are neither pacifists nor crusaders nor stout believers in moral rectitude. They have no knowledge of history or sense of the magnitude of the historical forces at work upon them. What they do have is a lucrative racket and an inflated sense of superiority that makes them hostile to anything that reminds them they have achieved it only by sacrificing their normal places in the society into which they were born.

The damage they have done America in the eyes of Europe is not inconsiderable. For one thing, the expatriates in positions of power are notorious for their dictatorial treatment of any and all Europeans who have the misfortune to be employed as their subordinates. A genuinely cultured but rather impoverished Italian Count whom I knew had the misfortune to work under one of the tribe, a New York C.P.A. who had acquired some good connections and used them for all they were worth. The Count soon found himself compelled to introduce his boss into the best Italian houses, and enlist his friends to

further the C.P.A.'s social ambitions. He was also "persuaded" to act as guide when his boss' wife chose to make extended trips into the Italian countryside, in search of ruins, treasures of art, and picturesque scenery and people. I have no idea what havoc a few months of such treatment wreaked on his sympathies.

After the war, many of the most intelligent Europeans were seriously interested in America and Americans, not only politically but as a different people with a mind and culture of their

own and achievements which made them worth looking into. The one thing they did not want us to ship them was a horde of imitation-Europeans and sham-continentals. I'm not suggesting Americans abroad behave like cowboys on a spree. But it is high time Americans could manage to travel and even live on foreign soil without losing their personalities. By now, we ought to be grown up enough to act like ourselves, with modesty and dignity, and to allow the people of other nations to do likewise.

The Tragedy of George Marshall

BY WALTER TROHAN

AT A CORNER of one of the vast avenues in the Pentagon, erect in a high-backed chair, sits a tragic old man. He is George Catlett Marshall, General of the Armies, Secretary of Defense, former Secretary of State, adviser to Presidents, and, in the eyes of Harry Truman, the "greatest living American." He is the devoted old warrior — patriotic, loyal, courageous; yet his life is a tragedy, both for himself and for the cause of mankind, because his unsound judgment has helped to lead his country from one disaster to another.

On March 12, 1950, General Marshall announced that he

would not write his memoirs for these remarkable reasons:

To be of any historic importance they have got to be accurate; that is, one mustn't omit, and make it pleasant reading. Now, if you do put it all in, you may do irreparable harm. You almost ruin a man, but if you don't mention that, it is not history.

From the lips of a leader of free men, these are disillusioning words. They say, in despair, that free men must not be told the truth; they indicate that the speaker is in a mental purgatory for hidden sins which he has either observed or committed; and they emphasize the graver

tragedy: that an old man who must conceal past errors from his countrymen is still exercising powers of decision.

Can free men trust a leader who will not trust them with the truth? By what right does a public servant say to free men: "You trusted me with leadership, but I will not give a true accounting because the truth might do *irreparable harm*"?

This is the same General Marshall who, in December, 1939, said to the American Historical Association: "I believe that much of the colossal waste, much of the tragedy of warfare, is due to the ineffective manner in which history is written and taught." Yet he now seals his lips on historical truth.

The tragedy of George Marshall is that his vision has never matched his courage. As a young man at military school he was accidentally transfixed by a bayonet and endured his wound, not unlike the Spartan lad with the gnawing fox, without identifying the man at fault. He is self-disciplined and loyal. In a quiet way he possesses charm. But, strangely, while refusing to trust the American people with the truth, he has always been quick to blame the people for mistakes. On November 30, 1950, alibiing for the war in Korea, he said: "The basic error

has always been with the American people."

If the General only trusted the people, he might make some valuable additions to our history, for he has been present when most of the critical decisions were made since 1939. And, according to President Truman, he has a "phenomenal memory." Truman once told two Congressmen: "I've got a mighty great man working for me now. Why, do you know he has an absolutely phenomenal memory? He can even tell the day and hour, and exactly what was talked about, without any notes."

But here are some examples of the General's memory:

► Before the Senate Armed Services Committee on September 19, 1950, he disclaimed any personal responsibility for the disastrous China policy which he had implemented in his 1946 mission to China. He said "the policy of the United States was . . . issued while I was on the ocean, going over there."

But in the authorized biography of President Truman by Jonathan Daniels, Admiral William D. Leahy is quoted as saying: "I was present when Marshall was going to China. He said he was going to tell Chiang that he had to get on with the Communists, or without help

from us. He said the same thing when he got back."

Former Secretary of State Byrnes, in his memoirs *Speaking Frankly*, says:

"As soon as President Truman appointed General Marshall his personal representative in China, I asked the General to study the draft (of policy) so that he could help prepare the final statement for presentation to the President. The Sunday before I left for Moscow, Under Secretary Acheson, General Marshall and members of his staff met in my office. By the end of the morning's discussion, we had agreed upon the statement of policy. Thereafter the President made no change in that policy except upon the recommendation of General Marshall or with his approval."

When General Marshall left for China he carried with him, not only the documents setting forth the policy of enforced coalition, but a letter from the President which said: "I understand that these documents have been shown to you and received your approval."

► In June 1950 General Marshall wrote a letter to Senator Millard Tydings saying that so far as he could recall, "I never met Mr. Owen Lattimore." Yet, during a State Department seminar in October 1949, for three days

Lattimore sat within five feet of Marshall and obtained permission to express his views at least fifteen times. And several times Marshall was observed greeting Lattimore warmly.

► The General has had difficulty remembering the names of his closest associates. During the Second War he referred to General Eisenhower as "the red-headed fellow down the hall," and to General Bedell Smith as "the fellow with the red eyes." In January 1951 he told a Senate committee that he couldn't remember the strength of a Second War division, but he could recall the strength of a First War division.

► The most notorious lapse in the "phenomenal memory," of course, is the General's inability to remember what he was doing on the eve of Pearl Harbor, the most important night of his life.

In testimony before a Congressional committee General Marshall admitted that he knew, following a meeting at the White House on November 25, 1941, that the United States was likely to be attacked by December 1 and that the attack was likely to come without warning. He further admitted that he knew on December 1 that Hawaii was alerted only against sabotage. Then came the fateful moment at 9:30 p.m. on Decem-

ber 6 when President Roosevelt, on being handed the decoded Japanese ultimatum, exclaimed: "This means war!"

Few knowledgeable persons in Washington believe that Roosevelt went to bed on December 6 without communicating this fateful news to Marshall. But Marshall has sworn before Congress that he can't remember where he was, that he has no recollection of the night of December 6, and that he didn't get the message until he had returned from a horseback ride at eleven a.m. on December 7!

Marshall still had two hours to save lives at Pearl Harbor, but he disdained the scrambler telephone on his desk, declined Admiral Stark's offer of Navy radio, and sent his message to General Short by commercial cable without even marking it "Urgent." By the time the message was decoded in Hawaii, 2,326 Americans were dead.

This is the essence of the tragedy of George Marshall. Wherever the American people have depended on him in the clutch, he has come up with advice or decisions which have led to disaster.

GENERAL MARSHALL was born in Uniontown, Pa., on December 31, 1880, the son of a Kentucky coal and wood dealer

who had moved north after the Civil War. Because his father, a solitary Democrat in a Republican community, could not wangle him a West Point appointment, he went to Virginia Military Institute. Although just above the middle of the 1901 class scholastically, he was first captain of the cadet corps and an all-Southern tackle at 165 pounds. His first Army assignment was map making in the Big Bend country in Texas. His career followed the regular Army pattern of waiting and serving. In 1907 he was made a first lieutenant and sent to the Army Staff College where he graduated at the head of his class. He became known as a "staff man" rather than a command officer among his superiors. In 1916 he was made a captain.

Upon America's entry in the First War Marshall was sent to France to serve on the staff of the First Division, and was promoted by General Pershing to operations officer of the First Army. After the war Pershing made Marshall his aide-de-camp while Pershing was Chief of Staff.

Up to the early thirties Marshall's career was one of slow but steady progress. He had a deep personal loss in 1927 in the death of his first wife, but was remarried happily in 1930 to

Mrs. Katherine Boyce Tupper Brown, of Baltimore. With fourteen years to go to the mandatory retirement age of 64, his future appeared serene, if undistinguished, especially since Pershing, a retired but influential old dog of war, had promised to have him made a brigadier general. But here Marshall met his first failure.

True to his promise, Pershing called upon Douglas MacArthur, then Chief of Staff, and asked that his protégé be made a general. MacArthur was ready to oblige, but insisted that the promotion go through regular channels. Pershing agreed, confident Marshall could clear the hurdles. Friendly examination of the Marshall record showed what his superiors regarded as insufficient time with troops. MacArthur proposed to remedy this by giving him command of the Eighth Regiment at Fort Screven, Ga., one of the finest regiments in the Army.

Marshall was moved up from lieutenant-colonel to colonel, but his way to a general's stars appeared to be blocked forever when the Inspector General reported that under one year of Marshall's command the Eighth Regiment had dropped from one of the best regiments in the Army to one of the worst. MacArthur regretfully informed

Pershing that the report made promotion impossible. To this day Marshall is uneasy in the presence of MacArthur.

In 1936, after MacArthur had been succeeded by General Malin Craig, Pershing tried again. But this time, knowing that the Army would never make Marshall a general, Pershing went directly to the White House. He persuaded Roosevelt to promote Marshall; and three years later when Roosevelt was looking for an agreeable Chief of Staff, he chose Marshall over twenty senior major generals and fourteen senior brigadiers.

Marshall is, therefore, a "political" general — a general by virtue of Presidential favor. It is unlikely that he would ever have become a general on his Army record.

EARLY IN THE Second War Roosevelt told Pershing that he expected to make Marshall "the Pershing of the Second War"; and there are conflicting theories as to why Marshall never assumed field command. One theory is that Churchill acquired an intense dislike for Marshall at Teheran when Marshall advocated the cross-Channel invasion in support of Stalin and opposed the Balkan invasion which Churchill preferred.

The more likely theory is that

Marshall himself, remembering his failure with an Army regiment, chose to remain in a staff position. Admiral Leahy writes that Marshall and Sir John Dill, British member of the Combined Chiefs of Staff, were "as close as the proverbial peas in the pod"; and Dill could probably have persuaded Churchill to accept Marshall. Instead, Dill used his influence to keep Marshall in Washington — but this could have been on instructions from Churchill. At any rate Marshall repaid his friend Dill by burying him on the best acre of ground at Arlington National Cemetery, and by having Truman dedicate an equestrian memorial over Dill's grave. Dill has more ground and a larger monument than any American hero: not even Pershing or Dewey or Sheridan has a monument to match Dill's.

The dispute at Teheran illustrates how Marshall's feeble judgment has led to tragedy. There were two proper concerns for the representatives of free men at Teheran in 1943. The first concern was who would hold what when the German Army was defeated; the second concern was the defeat of the German Army. Churchill, at least at the outset, seemed to have these two concerns in their proper order: he was primarily

concerned with keeping Russia out of Europe. But poor Marshall — at a tragic cost to all of us — had the two concerns reversed: he was primarily interested in the destruction of the German Army, and he evidenced no concern over how far Russia advanced into Europe.

This is the essential tragedy of American leadership during the last decade. Our leaders have evidenced no broad vision or deep wisdom; they have made decisions on the emotions of the moment. And the failures have not been failures of the people — as General Marshall would have it; our failures have been the failures of trusted leaders like Marshall.

George Marshall was the willing instrument of the tragic policy which held that Russia was an ally to be trusted, that Joe was "good old Joe," that the way to peace and serenity was to destroy Russia's enemies and let Communism work its will in both Europe and Asia. Marshall was the willing instrument of the Hisses and the Achesons, the Lattimores and the Jessups, the misguided men who let American boys die to make Eurasia safe for Communism.

If Marshall is the greatest living American, why didn't he stand up at Teheran and prove his greatness? Why didn't he

raise his voice against the sell-out of Poland and Czechoslovakia? Against the marooning of Berlin in a Russian sea? Against the whole traitorous process by which the Reds were invited to sack Western civilization?

Numerous associates of Marshall have reported that in 1943 he seemed much more interested in furnishing arms to Russia than in equipping our own forces. He answered all criticism with this remark: "The fastest way to kill Germans is to send tanks to Russia!" The thought of what would happen when an all-powerful Russian Army stood astride Europe — apparently no such thought ever crossed his great mind.

At the Yalta Conference in February 1945 General Marshall helped to deliver Asia to Russia just as he had helped to deliver Europe at Teheran. Japan was beaten and would have surrendered to us within six months, but Marshall was so anxious to "cooperate with Russia" that he approved the granting to Russia of Port Arthur, Dairen, preeminent rights in Manchuria, the Kurile Islands, the southern part of Sakhalin — everything that would enable Russia to dominate Asia.

The man who sat next to Marshall at Yalta was Alger Hiss, and Hiss was the exponent of

the Acheson-Jessup policies in the State Department, the men who believed that "the destiny of China lies with the Communists." On no point at Yalta did Marshall disagree with Hiss.

After the war the Hiss-Acheson-Jessup group squeezed the last drop of usefulness out of the "greatest living American." They sent him to China to compel the Chinese Nationalists to quit fighting and come to terms with the Communists. It was Marshall who embargoed arms shipments to Chiang Kai-shek, and it was Marshall's personal order which allowed the first Chinese Communist armies to enter Manchuria.

ONE OF THE Americans who patiently briefed General Marshall on the Chinese situation was Colonel Ivan D. Yeaton, who had been assigned to Yen-an, headquarters of the Chinese Communists. Colonel Yeaton warned Marshall of Mao's close ties with the Kremlin. But Marshall completely disregarded this advice; he listened instead to the pro-Communists in the State Department; and when he forced Chiang to cut his army down to fifty divisions, he forced numbers of Chinese Nationalist troops to join the Red Army so that they could get food and pay.

When Marshall returned from China, which he had helped deliver to the Communists, and was made Secretary of State, his first action was to name Acheson his chief of staff with "complete authority to cleanse the department."

In 1947 Marshall sent General Albert C. Wedemeyer to China. When Wedemeyer's report did not ratify Marshall's findings — when it urged instead that we erect a bulwark against Communism in China — Marshall angrily suppressed the report and banished Wedemeyer to an obscure post. Marshall, on his record, is a man who believes in suppressing reports; he doesn't believe that the people should have the truth; he blames the people for disasters.

Before he left his post of Secretary of State because of ill health, Marshall gave his name to the European aid plan. Actually the plan was first proposed by Dean Acheson, speaking for Truman, in the little town of Cleveland, Miss., May 8, 1947. Truman called it the Marshall Plan, but a few weeks after the plan's promulgation Marshall was unable to say under questioning whether or not Eire was included in his own plan.

In 1949 Marshall retired. In retirement he was given the post

of head of the American Red Cross. His retirement pay as a five-star general was, with living allowances, \$18,761 a year, but he accepted from the Red Cross an additional \$22,500 a year as salary and \$6000 a year as expenses. His predecessor, Basil O'Connor, had served the Red Cross without pay.

When Truman was considering whether or not to send ground troops into Korea, he sought the advice of his "greatest living American." Marshall advised him to send in the troops — and this is now conceded to have been one of the most foolish and disastrous decisions ever made by an American government. After suffering 50,000 casualties we are now struggling to get out of Korea so that we can exploit the advantageous position which we were in before Truman, Marshall and Acheson committed our ground troops.

As Secretary of Defense, Marshall's war planning is now gravely distrusted by the ablest officers in the armed forces. He and his manpower assistant, Anna M. Rosenberg, want a vast land army with eighteen-year-olds as the core. On December 15, 1950, he was called in to confer with Truman and the leaders of Congress. Three times Marshall spoke up during

lulls to say: "I'm going to build a big new army." This was his only contribution to the discussion, and each time he made the pronouncement he smiled proudly. Members of Congress left the conference shaking their heads.

Marshall planned the Second War with airplanes having the lowest priority of all armaments. He conferred weekly with the eighty-odd-year-old Pershing, and Pershing detested airplanes — he told Congress that "no airplane had ever affected the course of a battle."

Today it is feared that Marshall is planning to fight the Russian and Chinese hordes with manpower. When the Air Force sends suggestions to him, he merely draws a line through the pages and sends them back.

In January, 1951, Marshall

made another remarkable appearance before a Senate subcommittee. Talking about his eighteen-year-olds and his "big new army," he said: "I sometimes think that our standards are too luxurious. I think sometimes we provide more than is advisable. When I was in the army we didn't have turkey and chicken. This is off the record, of course: I wouldn't want the troops to hear it."

In the room where Marshall was speaking thus off the record were at least three hundred persons including representatives of Tass, the Soviet news agency.

Perhaps Truman is correct. Perhaps Marshall is, indeed, the "greatest living American." But the free world will certainly have to be strong if we are to survive much more of his advice.

Walter Trohan, who is chief of the Chicago Tribune's Washington Bureau, is said to have the largest file on Marshall of any newspaperman in the capital. He is a veteran military reporter and was also a correspondent in Europe and South America.

IN THE MERCURY'S



OPINION

order. It will be our policy to give such a report quarterly during the next two years.

A report is proper in THE MERCURY'S case because we have no secrets: we are trying to develop an entirely new sort of magazine: we are trying to organize a society of about 200,000 writers and readers for which

the magazine will be the medium of communication.

First, the circulation progress. Mencken's MERCURY had a circulation of about 50,000. During the Second War THE MERCURY'S circulation reached 75,000; but in 1945-50 it dropped steadily — to 35,000. For our first issue, December 1950, we printed 97,000 copies and sold 86,274. Some of this, no doubt, was due to the slight cut in price, as well as to a free-floating curiosity.

Of our second issue, January 1951, we printed 102,000 and while all the reports are not yet in, we apparently sold about 90,000. The print order for the third issue was 100,000 and for the current issue, March 1951, 120,000.

THE MERCURY expects to reach a circulation of 150,000 by September 1951, and of 200,000 by January 1952. We neither ex-

A Progress Report On THE MERCURY

THIS is the fourth issue of THE NEW MERCURY, and because so many of our readers have warned us that we have again caused their hopes to span high, a brief progress report is in

pect nor desire to go beyond 200,000.

It is obvious, therefore, that we do not aspire to be a mass magazine. *Reader's Digest* has a domestic circulation of around 9,000,000; *Coronet* has 2,600,000; *Pageant* has 600,000. THE MERCURY wants one reader out of every 750 Americans; in a city of 75,000 we hope to have 100 readers.

We are seeking — and we hope to be able to interest — a particular type of reader. We are building an organization, and we don't want any members who will be uncomfortable.

People Who Should Not Read THE MERCURY

Since the publication of our first issue we have probably received more mail than any magazine this size has ever received. This mail has been helpful. Scores of literate persons have analyzed each title and have furnished some valuable reactions. The favorable reactions we have appreciated and acknowledged; the unfavorable ones we have appreciated, acknowledged, and studied. THE MERCURY, being a critical magazine, treasures nothing so much as criticism of itself. The members of the MERCURY society, both readers and writers, are not only invited, they are ex-

pected to criticize the medium of communication.

Some of the critical letters, however, have come from persons who should never have read even one issue of THE MERCURY. There are 749 persons out of every 750 in America who should *not* belong to our society, and here are some of the types:

A priest who is a good and valued friend of the editor wrote: "Nothing should be printed in THE MERCURY which you would not read to a twelve-year-old child." This sort of reasoning we must reject. THE MERCURY is neither written nor edited for twelve-year-olds; it is conceived for a particular type of adult.

A sincere grandmother, canceling her subscription, explained: "I want magazines around my house which I can show to my grandchildren when they visit me. I don't believe THE MERCURY qualifies."

This grandmother is correct; there are at least twenty excellent magazines designed for grandchildren and grandmothers; THE MERCURY is not one of them.

An old and dear friend telephoned from Omaha: "I'm one of the best friends you've got, and I want this MERCURY to be powerful. I want it to go into a lot of homes, so don't put any-

thing in it which is out of place in the American home."

He'd like to see THE MERCURY lying on the mantel of every Midwestern home between the *Reader's Digest* and the Bible. THE MERCURY doesn't belong next to either of these publications, for its aims are slightly more special than theirs. THE MERCURY is not designed for Grandma, or for Aunt Minnie, or for Little Willie.

An alert high school librarian, canceling her subscription, wrote: "I do not feel that I should allow a magazine like THE MERCURY to be read by students who are in my charge."

This lady is to be commended for her vigilance. Certainly no adolescents should read THE MERCURY, and if any copies are still filtering into high school libraries we hope the librarians will quickly mount guard against it.

We think THE MERCURY belongs in college libraries; we'll fight any college which tries to bar us.

One of the most successful pieces in our December issue, other than our credo, was "The Americanization of Emily." This was an honest little war story of an American Naval officer and a British girl. Most of the members of the society appreciated it; but a few others

irately canceled their subscriptions.

The offensive paragraph had to do with an orgasm. It seems there is some objection in America to orgasms — as well as to any discussion of them. We think that, in their place, they are not unimportant; so in some future issue of THE MERCURY it is quite possible there will be another orgasm. All readers who find this prospect too horrible to think about are hereby forewarned.

About Emily's orgasm one reader wrote: "My objection is not to the story itself; it is well told; but I object to the fact that nowhere does the author condemn his characters for their immoral actions."

THE MERCURY is not in the business of *condemning* characters in fiction. We are not a literary Hayes Office, making certain that virtue is always rewarded and sin punished. We assume that our readers are intelligent people who prefer to make their own judgments; and our writers should record life as they see it and feel it and not constitute themselves as judges.

THE MERCURY, moreover, is not in the Uplift business. The newsstands and the bookstores are spilling over with Uplift Literature. Surely our readers don't want THE MERCURY, too,

to devote its pages to Little Messages of Reassurance.

For all the Americans who need Comfort and Reassurance, the *Reader's Digest*, and most of the newspapers, now offer Mr. Fulton Oursler, who is the Lord's own press agent. A sincere American named Harry Emerson Fosdick publishes a book every year; a hundred psychiatrists are writing on how to get Happy in every mass magazine; and the pronouncements of Monseigneur Fulton J. Sheen, an earnest dispenser of the oldest comfort on earth, are available by both wireless and fast mail.

THE MERCURY is friendly toward all the mass magazines. We are tolerant of all the people who are seeking Happiness and Reassurance: we wish them well. All that we ask is tolerance in return for a small magazine, speaking for a small society of writers and readers who want to contemplate the world as we think it really is and not as we wish it were.

Why Mamie Storer Is Being Published

In the January issue of THE MERCURY, which went to press on November 25, before the December issue was on sale, we published a first portion of a novel: *The Revolt of Mamie Storer*. We promised to publish

four parts of this novel; but in the February issue we failed to include a second portion. Our note that the omission was due to spatial limitations was less than the whole explanation.

The novel, written by the editor, is the tragic story of a prostitute who made a fortune in Hawaii during the Second War, and who, at the end of the war, owns a palatial home, is married to a major in the Air Force, owns \$200,000 worth of war bonds, and draws a pension from the Government of the United States.

The novel, serious in every detail, represents two years work, and contains all that the editor of THE MERCURY knows about the nature of men and of war. It will be published as a book in the Fall.

In the five tumultuous weeks during which the first and second issues of THE NEW MERCURY were being written, the editor decided to cut four 7000-word portions out of the 90,000-word book manuscript and run them in the magazine. As a rule, no writer should edit and publish his own books, but this was a case of using what was available.

The cuts were disappointing; they did not do justice to the book; and when the first one was published, there were ob-

jections on these three counts:

1. That cutting 30,000 words out of a 90,000-word book reduced the story to a clinical account of whoring, and put too many bad words too close together.

2. That the cut version made the story appear lurid and sensational when, actually, it is tragic, serious, and sardonic.

3. That the subject matter was not suitable for a magazine.

This third objection was not considered, but the first two merited reflection. The mail in support of the novel was generous and impressive, but the editor was in the uncomfortable position of defending his own work. Any MERCURY writers who may have resented the publishing of the editor's own book should understand the situation: today we have our choice of a variety of excellent books, but this was not the case last November when the NEW MERCURY was not even in business, and the editor had to put together two issues before the first issue went on sale.

The second installment of *Mamie Stover* was held up for a month for reflection; and this resulted in the angry disappointment of many of our readers. Even Lord Beaverbrook wrote from the British West Indies de-

manding that the book be forwarded to him.

Now, after reflection and after a new effort to improve the cuts, we are running the other three installments.

Mamie Stover happens to be a serious book about a whore — about what war does to men and islands and whores — and those of our readers who prefer to avoid such stories are hereby forewarned so that they can avoid *Mamie*.

George Bernard Shaw once said: "If a play is any good, people should come out of the theater arguing about it. And it should contain at least a few lines which make you mad at the author." THE MERCURY is written to make 200,000 Americans think and argue; and most of its issues, no doubt, will contain a few lines which will make a few persons mad as hell at the editor.

A Slight Change in Ownership

When THE NEW MERCURY was launched in November, 1950, the principal stockholders were Clendenin J. Ryan and William Bradford Huie. On February 8, 1951, Mr. Ryan's holdings were purchased by Mr. Huie. No policies or plans for the magazine are affected by this transfer.

LITTLE NOOLEY'S BLUES

ing that as he watched them lower Buck Manos into the ground, and nothing seemed to be right at all. First there was Buck, blowing his big raucous trombone just like always, his face red, his cheeks puffed out, rocking back and forth in his chair with the beat. And then, after the job he goes chasing uptown after some mama and the next thing you know he steps out into the street in front of a car and he's dead.

And now there was just the man reading from his little book, hurrying it up maybe because it was cold and gray out

A STORY

BY FREEMAN PHILLIPS

BUCK MANOS used to say, "Man, this here's the kind of cat that likes his women big and his music lively. I been like that since the day I was born and that's how I'm gonna be 'till I die. I'm gonna have the biggest funeral you ever *did* see, with sixteen high steppin' mamas a-leadin' the parade down State Street, and a Dixie band jammin' along right behind. . . . And me, I'll set up in that old pine box, and blow me a mess of tailgate trombone right along with 'em—"

Little Nooley Jackson, the trumpet player, was remember-

there at 9:30 in the morning with the wind blowing in off the river.

And Buck's old woman, shivering a little in her thin fur coat, her face pinched with that angry look she always had, like she was still sore at Buck for ever marrying her in the first place, and for being a trombone man instead of, maybe, a grocery clerk, and for going off

and getting himself killed, leaving her all the grief and expense. She wept a little in a thin, fretful way, looking past the little group of jazz men, not seeing them, sore at them too, like she maybe still was at Buck.

Nooley, in a gray overcoat and the old shiny tuxedo that was his work uniform, stood a little apart from the rest, leaning wearily against the iron fence that separated the cemetery from the rest of the world. He hadn't been to bed yet, the job didn't end until four. And there was no fire left in him from the gin he'd drunk during the night, only a vague, tired sadness and a rubbery feeling in his knees.

The service was over quickly and everyone was walking away. Nooley, his face deeply troubled, fell into step beside Eddie Street, the guitar man. "What do you think, papa?" he said. "You're hip on this stuff. Tell me."

"Tell you what?" Eddie Street demanded. He was tall and reedy slim with sleek yellow hair and a long, bony, literal face. "What are you talking about?" He took a stick of gum from his pocket, unwrapped it and doubled it into his mouth.

"Buck," Nooley said, musing. "Seems like they should'a

done more for old Buck. It don't seem right somehow, just layin' him away like that —"

Eddie shrugged. "A cat's six feet under, he's past frettin' on how he got down there," he said, and the hard muscles of his face knotted and unknotted as he chewed.

Nooley frowned. That wasn't the point, he knew. But just what the point was, was too cloudy and deep in his mind to put words to. "He played fine horn, man," he said, as though that should have expressed everything. "That's the call, ain't it — a cat plays like he knows is right? Remember how he used to come slidin' up into the break in *Shimmy Sha'wabble*?" And then, as sad as he felt, he couldn't help it, he had to smile and sing a little of how Buck used to play. "Taaaaaara tata tata da —"

Eddie chewed angrily and lengthened his stride, like he wanted to get away from Nooley.

"— and the way he used to kick the beat in the last chorus of *Riverboat*!" Nooley went on urgently. "Slidin' way down in the low notes so's he was like to go on through the floor! Man!" he laughed. "There ain't many cats around these days can blow a horn like old Buck done."

"Sure, papa, sure," Eddie

said. But from his voice you could tell he was just impatient and wishing Nooley would shut up.

NOOLEY SIGHED and dug his hands deep into his coat pockets. He was a small man, and slight. At first glance you could almost take him for a boy with his smooth, round face. But it was a waxy kind of smoothness, with tiny, deep-etched wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and mouth. The trouble in his face increased as he struggled unfamiliarly with his thoughts: A cat blows good all his life, a cat blows like he knows is right and then when he jumps off — But, maybe it don't matter. Maybe it's like Eddie says. A cat's six feet under it don't matter no more. . . . He wished he knew, but all that came into his head was music. Good blues music, but it didn't tell him anything and he shook his head to make it stop.

"Listen," he said to Eddie. "Remember how Buck used to say, how when he dies he's gonna have —"

"Man, I'm about froze to death!" It was Orvie Coombes, the chubby little clarinet man from Chi who'd played alongside Tesch many years ago. He came between them, making

cold noises with his lips. "That wind just cuts like a knife. Either you cats bring some cream?"

"Don't you ever bring none of your own?" Eddie snapped.

"Listen to that cat! I just wish I had a buck for every time you took the top off of my jug."

"You wouldn't be rich," Eddie said. And just like that they were off on their usual argument, just as if Buck had never laughed that big, chesty laugh of his and said, "I swear, if you two cats spent as much time playin' as you do a-fussin' and screechin' at each other, you'd likely have more money than Gawd and the President of the United States put together and be twice as famous."

Nooley fell behind and walked on sadly by himself. He reached into his inside pocket for his jug and took a long, speculative mouthful. And then the thought that had been in the back of his head all along came forward. It was: It might, just as easy, have been him instead of Buck lying already forgotten in the grave! So what good was a cat's trying and straining when it didn't count for nothing anyway? His shoulders sagged under the weight of that and it took nearly the entire contents of the bottle to carry him out of the

cemetery and the few blocks to the subway entrance.

He was back at his place an hour later. He tried to sleep, but sleep wouldn't come, and he spent the afternoon sitting alone in his room, thinking, playing over and over the few scratchy old records that Buck had made years ago.

Toward evening, when there was only about a half inch in the bottom of the jug, he talked to Buck a little, telling him, "Don't you fret, papa. As long as there's people likes to hear good jazz music they ain't gonna forget old Buck Manos." But he said it in a futile voice, not really believing it himself. He had forgotten to turn on the light and he sat in the thickening dusk of his room, his hands in his lap and his head down. Sleep caught up with him finally then, and he was still sitting so, but with his eyes shut, when Eddie Street hurried in at a little past nine.

Nooley felt rough hands shaking his shoulder, he opened his eyes and looked into Eddie's angry, frowning face.

"Wake up, papa, wake up! Man, what's the matter with you? You should have been dressed and on the job a half an hour ago."

Nello's on Seventh Avenue was long and narrow and dim, a

rosy light from behind the bar, a whiter glare from the bandstand, tables filling in the space in front of the band. The sign outside read: "Appearing Nightly, Eddie Street and the Chicago Seven." And just inside the door stood Nello, pulling his nose and scowling the way he did when business wasn't good. He turned a long hard look on Nooley and Eddie as they entered.

Eddie put the trumpet case into Nooley's hand and gave him a quick shove toward the bandstand, then he started toward Nello, his mouth and both hands going full speed.

Nooley shuffled unsteadily across the room, ignoring the amused, curious glances of the customers at the tables. He took his trumpet out and carelessly dropped the case over the bandstand rail. Orvie and the rest came filing up to the stand, grinning too, saying things like, "Havin' a little ball, man? Figurin' on takin' the night off?"

NOOLEY DIDN'T bother with them either. Swaying slightly on his feet, he fingered the valves and then raised the horn to blow a few warm-up notes. He tightened his lips and blew into the mouthpiece. The note he had been thinking

didn't come out. What came out really wasn't a note at all. He shook his head and tried again. There was only the sound of air passing through the horn. He swore under his breath. Damned cork must'a fell out of the water valve again. But when he looked, the water valve was all right. So was the rest of the horn — Crazy, papa! He shrugged and thought he would blow a scale. He raised the horn again and then he was looking around him with a frightened, bewildered look on his face. He didn't know how to play the scale! He couldn't even remember the first note!

Crazy, papa, crazy!

He blew again and again and again and all that came out was screechings and squealings like a kid picking up a horn for the first time, and he grew red and began to sweat and everybody was staring at him. Eddie came running over.

"F' Gawds sake, Nooley! What are you doin'? Quit messin' around and get up on that stand."

"There's something wrong, papa! It don't blow right."

"It don't blow right! You're flipped. Come on, now." He hurried the bewildered, protesting Nooley up on the stand, sat down himself and grabbed up his guitar. "Man, if we ain't

finished tonight then I don't know what! Le's play something. Quick. *Sugar*. That's a good tune. The boss always liked it."

Nooley started to rise from his chair. "I can't play, Eddie. I can't —"

"Sit down!" Eddie hissed. "You got the lead on the first chorus. You ready?"

"Papa, listen, I —"

"Forget it," Eddie said. "Let's go."

Nooley obediently brought the horn up to his lips as Eddie began a four bar intro. It was one of the tunes that he most liked to play. Not too fast, not too slow, pretty chords moving with a kind of lilt. He liked to lean back on the beat, relaxed and easy, and let the music ripple out of the bell, his soft, clear tone floating out over the whole room. But now his hands shook and he was tight inside. The first note — B natural — how did you get it? The first valve? The second? Both of them? He maybe would be all right if he could get started.

It was time! Panicky, he pressed down all three valves, took a deep breath and blew hard. The awful blast that came out made Nello pull his head around by the nose and Eddie's whisper was nearly a shout.

"Nooley! Take it, Orvie!

Nooley, you gone crazy?"

"I can't play, man. I forgot how!"

"You're loaded."

Nooley shook his head. His voice came out an agonized whisper. "I can't play, papa! What am I gonna do?"

Eddie swore under his breath and turned from him, slashed the pick angrily across the strings of the guitar. Nooley turned too, looked to the others, his eyes pleading. Orvie, Ray, Don — he saw amused annoyance in their faces, disgust maybe, impatience, like they were thinking: A joke's a joke, papa, but you just stopped being funny. Don shook his head and glared down at the piano keyboard.

Listen! Nooley wanted to tell them. Listen, can't you understand? Something's wrong! Something's happened to me!

And then Eddie's crisp whisper brought his head front again. "See what you done, now. Here comes the boss!"

Nello was walking toward them, his eyes narrowed, looking at Nooley. They were all looking at Nooley, he could feel it. He was surrounded by eyes, hostile eyes, scornful eyes. Well, papa, they said. Your move. What's it gonna be? Something like a sob came up in his throat. Eddie's whisper

buzzed insistently in his ear, prodding, demanding. Why couldn't they leave him in peace!

Suddenly, his horn tight under his arm, he was over the bandstand rail and dodging between tables, upsetting a chair, bumping the arm of a customer.

"Nooley, come back here!"

He slammed the door on Eddie's voice, and then he was out in the dark alley, tripping and stumbling over empty bottles and boxes and ash cans, out onto Seventh Avenue and he looked around wildly, then started swiftly up the broad sidewalk. He didn't stop running until he was safely in the subway entrance a block away. He stood there for a space, panting.

The panic began to recede then, anger coming up to take its place. Them cats, he thought. They're all so smart. They know it all cause all they know is a job and makin' a little loot — with Buck lyin' fresh in his grave.

Maybe that's what was wrong. Sure, papa. How can a man play in that place, with them cats all so smart, and a new trombone man setting up there where Buck had always sat?

He took out his jug, drained the last of it, dropped the bottle

into a waste can. He addressed his thoughts to Eddie. So long, papa. Little Nooley's goin' someplace where he can blow some trumpet. And don't come lookin' for me neither, cause I ain't gonna be there. . . . Then he turned and wavered down the steps toward the turnstiles.

NOOLEY GOT OFF the train at Fiftieth Street. He walked up to Fifty Second and stood outside one of the joints, listened to the soft, rhythmic shshing of brushes on cymbals and a tenor saxophone intimately nuzzling the chords of *Body and Soul*. It sounded good. Some of his old confidence came back momentarily and he went inside, asked to sit in.

"Sure, papa, glad to have you." The saxophone player, a portly, scholarly-looking colored man with gold rimmed glasses welcomed him politely on the stand. "You Nooley Jackson, ain't you? I heard you play, man. I'd like you to meet Slim, and George." They shook hands, smiling. "What would you like to do, papa? You call one."

"Anything at all," Nooley said. "It don't matter to me."

"Well — how about *Sunday*? You like that one?" Then the piano and drums started four bars to set the beat and the sax

man said, "You got the first one," and leaned back against the piano to listen.

Nooley held himself in so they wouldn't see how nervous he was inside. At the right time he shut his eyes and raised the horn. But when he went to blow, it happened just like it had happened before, and he suddenly felt like he was going to be sick, only he knew it wasn't anything that simple or easy to take care of.

The piano jumped hastily into the chorus and the three musicians were looking at him curiously. He had to explain, they'd understand. "I could play fine yesterday. Something happened —" His voice hardly seemed like his own, so high and querulous. "It was after Buck's funeral — you heard of Buck Manos, ain't you? Trombone man, played good, all the time . . ."

But the three faces didn't change. They smiled and looked at him blankly and his voice went higher and the words tumbled over each other and got mixed up in their hurry to get out. But he had to make them see. That was the most important thing in the world. "Man, that cat could really play. You should'a heard how he —"

And then, even as he was talking, the sax man was easing

him slowly off the stand toward the exit. "Sure papa, I know just how you feel. I'd like to hear all about it sometime. One of these days you come back and tell me the whole story."

And Nooley was out in the street again, dazed, swaying slightly on his feet, buffeted and pulled at by the swift current of people flowing around him.

It ain't natural! he cried out inside himself. A cat can't forget how to play. There's something crazy going on!

He began to stumble along with the restless crowd. Much of what happened during the next few hours of that night wasn't very clear. He wandered everywhere, the noise, the lights, the people and places merging together into a senseless, gin-hazy blur. Only a few little snatches and fragments stood out in his mind, sharper than the rest.

. . . A trumpet player in a joint on Forty-eighth Street. Nooley had listened to him play and it sounded good and honest. Sometimes you could tell what kind of a man a cat was by the way he blew a horn. He'd approached him hopefully after the set and tried to explain what had happened, asked him if he could maybe help him, show him how to blow again. But the trumpet

man had only laughed. "You kiddin' with that story, Jack? Listen, I got troubles enough of my own."

. . . A little place on Seventh Avenue, with a tall blonde sitting alone at the bar. All Nooley had wanted to do was talk to somebody. Somebody who'd listen and try to understand. But this big cat had come up, saying, "This guy bothering you, lady?" Then his hands were on Nooley's shoulders, shoving him. . . .

That was how it was all over, and the crazy pattern of the night lengthened out behind him with no help anywhere.

HE GOT ANOTHER jug and wandered uptown to Harlem. And then there was this tall cat with pegged pants and long hair and the kind of grin like he thought he was putting the whole world on. "Buck Manos?" he said. "Sure, I heard of Buck Manos."

Nooley looked up at him hopefully, although maybe he should have known better. That kind of cat with the jivey talk and the jivey way of playing that never came to nothing. But everything was screwy that night.

The tall cat winked off to one side to somebody, as if to say: Hold on to your sides, man.

This'll really be a killer. Then to Nooley: "Man, don't you know? That square is better off where he is. The style he blew went out with button shoes!"

The words flicked Nooley like a whip, shocking, stinging, and a great rage came up inside him, sweeping away all caution. He swung his fist at the tall cat's head and behind the blow was all his outrage and bitterness and protest against the world. It was a blow struck for Buck and for himself and for all those who were helpless and picked-on and sad, and for a moment he was nine feet tall with flames shooting out of his eyes. He tore into the world, shouting his anger, and the world staggered and fell back. There was a second's silence, broken by a shriek of high-pitched laughter from the other side of the room. Then somebody shouted, "Look out, he's got a knife!"

Nooley saw it, too. The slender steel blade in the tall cat's hand, razor-sharp, glittering. The tall cat's eyes, glittering too, with sudden hatred. The people around seeming to be frozen, stupidly, in their positions of a moment before, still holding their drinks, smiles remaining, forgotten, on their faces. Then the tall cat was getting to his feet again and simultaneously the place was filled

with movement and noise.

The next thing Nooley knew he was outside again, running, the sound of his footsteps ringing weirdly in the empty streets.

He ran long after there was any need to run, long after the tall cat had given up trying to catch him and turned back, feeling kind of queer and detached, like he was running in a dream. Finally, he slowed down to a shambling walk. The trumpet dangled limply from his fingers, knocking against his leg with every step.

He heard music from a late cellar joint across the street, automatically started toward it, and then stopped and turned away again. What's the good? he thought wearily. They all the same. They ain't no help there.

He wondered, then, where he would go. Back to Nello's? Where they were all too busy? Where they were all sore at him? His own place? With the record player and the unmade bed? He squeezed his eyes shut, shook his head.

Then where?

They ain't no place to go! When a cat's this low, they ain't nobody that cares, they ain't nobody can understand!

It was like that with Buck, it was like that with him. The thought made him feel a kind

of closeness to Buck and it occurred to him: There *was* one more place he could go. At least he could maybe find some peace there. . . .

It was still dark when he got to the cemetery, but dark with a grayish tinge. He made his way, stumbling, to the grave, and stood there for a space, staring down at the small headstone.

"Well, here's how, man," he said at last. He reached into his inside pocket for the jug, took a mouthful himself, and, with silent ceremony, poured some into the fresh earth about where he thought Buck's mouth would be. Then, too weary to stand any longer, he sat down beside the grave.

"It's been a long night, papa," he said. "A long and lonesome night." He looked away, then added thoughtfully. "For the both of us, I reckon."

He began to rock from side to side, crooning the blues in a high, wavering voice.

"It's a long, long way, when you travelin' all alone —

"Oh, it's a long way, papa, travelin' all alone —

"And the road gets longer, when you —" He broke off then and a half sob came up from his throat. "I never was much good at singin'," he said. "Ain't much good at nothin' no more.

Something crazy done happen to me tonight."

He began to tell Buck about it then, not so much because he wanted to as that he couldn't help it. First how it had been at Nello's, and how, after that, he'd been running around all over, looking, trying to figure out, the fight, the tall cat with the knife. All of it, spilling from his lips in a dull monotone.

"And, it wasn't none of it any good," he finished. He slumped back against the stone. "Little Nooley can't play no more music. He forgot how."

But, even then, the music was inside him, running through his mind the way it always did. And the three middle fingers of his right hand, like they'd done thousands of times before, were moving, automatically pressing down imaginary valves, fingering the notes he was thinking. But it was a long time before he realized what his fingers were doing. He stopped then and looked down, wondering, at his hand.

Crazy! he thought. Slowly, without a sound, he picked up the trumpet, put his fingers on the valves. Was he imagining or did it feel right again?

He was aware, in some far-away corner of his mind, of the sound of the car pulling up at the curb. A rough grinding like

the ancient touring car Eddie had sometimes. He paid no attention to it, nor to the angry whisper from outside the fence. "Nooley! Is that you in there? Cripes, we're chasin' around all over town and here he sits in the graveyard. Nooley! Gawd, he must be stoned. Orvie, Ross, one of you cats that's still sober enough, come out here and give me a hand —"

NOOLEY RAISED the horn to his lips and he got a feeling like a wall inside him was crumbling down and washing away. He blew softly into it, and then he knew for sure. For a moment the immensity of it held him speechless, then he said softly to Buck, "I can't do nothin' about no parade, papa. I can't get you no band. But at least you know little Nooley ain't forgot."

He closed his eyes and leaned back, began to play the blues, hesitant, fumbling over the first few notes and then surer and stronger.

Eddie came over the fence first, swearing and grunting. Orvie, a second later, slipping, giggling a little to himself. Ross Newcombe, the new trombone man, followed him over. Eddie was hastily brushing the dirt off his trousers.

But to Nooley, there was only

the music, simple and holy almost, filled with all the things that he could never say any other way. And he was sure that somewhere Buck was hearing it.

Eddie, his jaw set and angry, started toward him, the other two just behind. "Gawd!" he muttered. "Blowin' the blues over a cat's grave as if he's —" But he didn't finish what he'd started to say. He broke off, frowning a little, and listened to the music coming out of Nooley's horn.

When he turned around to the others a moment later there was a change in his face. For once the matter-of-fact certainty was gone, leaving in its place a sort of wondering. Orvie had caught it too, and Ross and those outside. They stood still, reverent, listening to Nooley.

And then, hastily, Orvie was fitting together the parts of his clarinet, and the ones outside were getting the instruments out of the car, handing them through the bars, over the top, climbing over themselves.

Orvie's clarinet fluttered in softly, found the key and came out high and sweet above the trumpet. The others came in one by one, Eddie, Marty, Ross, Ray Bone, the drummer, using Eddie's guitar case for a snare, patting out the beat with his brushes.

They played one chorus and then another. Then, without thinking why, Nooley led them into the break like he always used to do, chopped it off short for the trombone solo.

It was the way Buck had always liked to do it. A sharp break in the last bar and he'd come sliding up from the bottom into his chorus. But he did it different this time.

From right among them, although exactly where you couldn't say, they all heard that big, raucous tone, jumping into the break, doubling the tempo, blaring a startling four bar ca-

denza into the night!

A rejoicing shout came from Nooley. He answered the trombone with four more bars, high and wild, from his trumpet. Ray Bone pounded out a solo on the guitar case, his lips moving with the syncopated beats. And then they were all in together, rocking with the gay, lively New Orleans music like Buck had liked best to do. *Sensation, Jazz Band Ball, Riverboat Shuffle!* — And the way Nooley's horn kicked and Ray Bone lay down the beat on the guitar case, it seemed like even the tombstones would have to get up and stomp around.

The Editors

Introduce . . .

IT IS GENERALLY recognized that jazz is one of the few authentic American art forms. But old time jazz, as originally played by the Negroes in New Orleans, has been exploited in our culture. The music manufacturers have stolen and distorted the old tunes, and many of the real musicians have been allowed to die broke and almost forgotten.

The folkways of the jazz musician form a curious segment of American life. The jazz world has its own way of thinking, feeling, acting, and even a language of its own. When the **MERCURY** editors came across **Freeman Phillips'** story, "Little Nooley's Blues," we wondered how the author got his special knowledge of this world. We discovered that Freeman Phillips is a trumpet player turned writer, and that he was one of many younger musicians who learned the New Orleans idiom

from the old time jazz men.

Phillips, who is twenty-nine years old, started to write three years ago, and this is his first published story. He gave up the music after the war, when he was a glider trooper in the ETO. He lives in San Francisco now, but he grew up in New York City, learned the trumpet while in high school, and started to play jazz professionally when he was about sixteen. During the next five years he lived in the jazz milieu, often working with some of the old time jazz men down in Greenwich Village. That experience gave him the idea for little Nooley. In this story Phillips has picked up the customs and speech of the jazz world in a way that reminds us of the American folkway writing of John O'Hara and Ring Lardner. This is a hopeful sign at a time when we find so much flat and colorless prose.

LETTER from the crazy house

The following letter, from a state mental hospital, came to us over the transom. We thought it was too interesting a commentary on the American scene to cut down and tuck away in our readers' opinion department.

THE EDITORS

DEAR EDITOR:

As a young writer who has spent the last nineteen months in a straitjacket, I take encouragement from the NEW MERCURY.

I can especially appreciate the *Untold Facts in the Forrestal Case*.

My own opinions appear to parallel yours. And I'd like mighty well to join you in your campaign, and there is a number of little things I could do — if you will just get me out of this jailhouse.

Nineteen months straitjacketed is figuratively speaking; however, for twenty-two days, last January and February, I really wore one of the damn things; that simply as punishment for having walked in to New York and vainly tried to enlist legal aid.

I happen to be a veteran with four and a half years honorable service. Have never in my life

committed a crime or any act of violence. That's discounting a few dozen fist fights down the years, where little damage was done and no charges preferred and no voodooistic psychiatrist was around to diagnose everyone as crazy. I am thirty-eight (and read yesterday that that was young), average height and weight, and am enjoying excellent over-all health and physical condition, the maintenance of which being largely accountable to regular additions to the abominable diet here. I am locked up in this crazy house for no other reason than writing to a young woman, a twenty-two-year-old divorcee, inviting her to spend the evening with me; nor did I propose or suggest, and indeed I did not intend, anything conceivably abnormal.

The very candid truth is, I had mailed approximately twenty copies of that same letter, mostly to feminine literati. Only the one got a complaint to the P.O. Dept. Most anyone, I think, would have found the letter provoking to an extreme. But I don't believe it would have shocked anybody. It was quite

purposefully and thoughtfully designed to make a big bang in any atmosphere of Comstockery . . . It was just something Hemingway might have been reading on the MERCURY cover a couple issues back . . . And now, remember the Supreme Court decision in the Terminello Case early last year! "It is often the duty of communication, of speech and writing, to shock and provoke. So long as it does not incite to violence, there shall be a freedom of speech."

Certainly that didn't presume to exclude the subject of sex from freedom of speech—not while Dr. Kinsey stood posed at center stage and the whole world was clamoring for sex education; certainly it didn't presume to dictate the precise language that could or couldn't be used in personal or private communication.

My letter only incited the law—to pounce on me with clubs, guns, handcuffs, iron bars and straitjackets.

It was early in 1949, that I was arrested at my Manhattan residence, taken from my room in my pajamas by two gun-totin' and menacing gorillas who denied me an opportunity to dress or pick up my wallet or cigarettes or any single item. I had no trial or hearing before a judge. I was "railroaded" to a

hospital. The D.A. who did it had conceded to me, after perusing the masterpiece I had written, "You haven't committed any crime." Yet the s.o.b. sent me "up the river" on the criminal charge of "mailing obscene literature."

Four weeks later, at a "sanity hearing," I had no legal aid, no friend, no relative, no acquaintance, no access to a ton of evidence I might've presented to support my very appreciable character, intelligence and ability. I had scarcely two minutes in which to prove my innocence to a Judge who looked like a reincarnation of Comstock.

I handed the Judge a READER'S DIGEST clipping of these lines by Christopher Morley: "Read, everyday, something no one else is reading. Think, everyday, something no one else is thinking. Do, everyday, something no one else would be silly enough to do." I was pronounced insane.

Upon my entrance in this "world's finest mental institution"—a month later—after a five-minute interview with one of the big medicine men, he told me, "I think you were just born twenty years too soon." And how do you like that? And Jules Verne was born how many years too soon? And James Joyce? And James Farrell? And Erskine Caldwell? And all the Hemingways?

And the Wright brothers? And Thomas Edison? And Dr. Kinsey? The fact is, of course, this poor ape was himself mentally minus. (It is common knowledge that he is and has been for many years an alcoholic.)

Here is a very significant fact, too. At the hospital, two witch-doctors won their convictions of insanity against me on the simple grounds that my writing "has no literary value."

As a writer, although unpublished, I have won the high esteem of numerous Bigshots. Three years ago, in appraisal of a 5,000-word essay submitted to THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, Harrison Smith rendered me such a rare compliment: "Your work is full of ginger; it would make H. L. Mencken in his maddest years turn pale." Only with regret he opined (correctly, it transpired): "But nobody will publish it." A year before that a full-typed-page letter from Ronald Jump, publisher of ATOMIC AGE MAG, was in acceptance of a pile of fissionable stuff. He went broke and out of business before anything of mine might have helped along in whatever direction. For a mere two stipends Thomas H. Uzzell put in black and white for the record: "... cryptic genius ...

deliberate literary style . . . vibrates with vigor . . . very real talent for humor . . . I'll be in New York this summer and buy the drinks." Clement Wood, Poet Supreme, once assayed, "Thar's gold in that thar prose." Added, "Come visit us at Bozen-kill." At least ten other editors and publishers have favored me with such letters.

Let me quote from a very delighted young lady, from one of more than 100 lovely letters of hers to me: "Others may condemn your letters, call them ugly, obscene. But I think they're *clean and bright and wonderful*."

After emerging from the Army, I indulged in the very pleasant pastime of accumulating Kinsey-like data, before hearing of the famous Doctor. In that time I answered perhaps 300 female personals in SRL and WRITER'S DIGEST. I drew a lot of blanks, but I also copped a gratifying number of First Prizes.

And what guy with two hairs on his chest and a rip-snortin, pearly-keyed atomic steed could ignore such an ad in SRL: "Sophisticated gal invites male correspondence. Don't be dull!"

Have I committed a heinous crime? Am I crazy?

Sincerely yours,

T. N. B.

Homeless on the Range

BY A. PHILLIP SEVILLE

I AM WRITING these opening remarks with the simple and solemn purpose of reaching my fellow sufferers, the lamentably few colleagues who are striving after my ideal: the restoration of "executive cookery"* to the company of those endeavors dedicated to distinguishing man from beast.

The culinary master or, to identify him by the onus which he has come to bear, the "executive chef," finds himself in a very curious predicament today. For a variety of reasons — which range from the handicaps of his own concert-pitch temperament to the relentless pressure of his

employer who, in turn, is constantly exposed to the chameleon influences of the greedy world beyond the kitchen — he has chosen to create for himself, a shell, not a castle, to live in and carry on his back like a nautilus. Since time moves on at a much faster rate than it did in, say, the Proterozoic age, he is ostracizing himself to the point of eventual extinction.

The circumstances responsible for this metamorphosis are numerous. The chef himself is without a doubt to be blamed; partly because of the hard road he has taken in the struggle for existence; partly because he lacks the vision which runs as a corollary to self-preservation and self-satisfaction. It is only by means of the latter that he can hope to maintain his lofty position when he finally becomes top man in the big kitchen.

Of course, environment too acts as a catalytic agent in this petrifying transformation. The term environment is used loosely in this article to denote his vocational conditioning from pot washer, or utility man in the kitchen, to his full-blown maturity as an accomplished individual whose "personal touch" is inevitably met with cretinous hostility. It is also used to describe his relations with the

* Term copyrighted 1948.

management and department heads, auditors, caterers' office staffs, Maitre D's, headwaiters, guests who are snatching a moment of sun tan and mistaking it for a millennium of glory, and those privileged entourages which include dyspeptic, belly-dragging cockers or moulting, three-phrase myna birds. All these reel before him through the years and mold his ethical characteristics and clinical temperament.

I have often heard persons of note, after magnums of the driest conversation, compare the present culinary master to the old and almost extinct tribe of newspapermen who carried on early in the half-century. They faded out with the dawn of the syndicated service and the infamous "massacre" of metropolitan newspapers by the Messrs. Munsey, Pulitzer, Hearst, *et al.*

Today, the executive chef is vanishing like Frank Malone, Arthur Brisbane, Elsie Robinson, Heywood Broun, Nell Brinkley and a score of others. They have been swept off the scene by the great god Gold, and with them their unique prose and traditions. And those to whom they once played "*cher maître*" have drunk away their bitterness to no avail, shedding their scalding tears on stone

cold typewriters. It has come to pass that no skilful penman, no imaginative stylist is necessary to the publication of a newspaper.

The chef has been slipping along the same vertiginous lines. His art and technique are prostituted to dietetics, powdered soups, dissipated cheeses, dismembered poultry in jars, pressed meats like "Spank," "Spoon" or "Wham" and rancid hors d'oeuvres at which even the dullest cookie cutter would turn up its edges.

As a matter of fact, the chef of today has reached just about the bottom of his spiritual ski jump. In his place on the frosty altitudes are a conglomeration of pseudo-specialists who succeed in duping the public. They sprout downwards like truffles waiting to be rooted out by the most swinish commercial inveiglements. Regardless of who or what may suffer, they proceed to bait and draw the unwary consumer with seals and endorsements from make-believe institutes. Advertising campaigns, with budgets that would finance world-wide monument clearance, are devoted to educating America in the secret meanings behind such tags as "Tested" or "Rejected," pasted on tin to vaunt the name of corrupt cookery. It all began with

H. W. McCann, who saw the advertising angle in the mother-in-law complex and promoted the whole idea of "Approval."

INTERJECTING here for a moment — it is a rather philosophic question in the writer's mind as to who is disappearing first — the chef or the wholesome housewife? Or are they both thinning out to oblivion under an avalanche of impracticable economics?

Home economics schools, like hotel administrative schools, do more harm than good. Despite the arts training and rounded education that both types of schools claim to give our boys and girls, one cannot help noticing the awkward, frustrated results with their hamburgered fingers and seared eyebrows. Although the average girl student learns to plan a budget, how to decorate an attic, how to plan a party in a stable, and how to behave with her future spouse, the divorce rate keeps right on mounting. And the average boy who completes the hotel administrative course, unless he inherits his father's chain of hotels, will in all likelihood finally land a club job or manage an industrial cafeteria. In either case, his responsibility is neither burdensome nor factual. Hence his food knowledge is limited to

whatever overgrowth of experience he succeeds in spreading across the gaps left by his school training.

The girls who graduate from a home economics school should know that just as a home has a front and back door, it has a heart, too. So has a hotel; and in both instances, the heart hammers away in the kitchen. The vitality of its beat has a definite ratio to the joy to be derived from the exhausting preparation of a successful meal. But the joy that is infinitely more exquisite comes from witnessing the satisfaction and relish of others as they partake of what one puts before them. Only a good housewife and topnotch chef can explain that seventh sense — the instinct for what will tickle the palate of those who appreciate good food, and thereby create a reciprocal gratification in the performer.

How quickly word gets around

Besides being head chef at the Plaza Hotel in San Antonio, Texas, A. Phillip Seville also spends a good deal of his time reading Proust, Schnitzler and Anatole France. He probably reads them in the original, since he knows six languages. He started life in New Orleans, worked his way around the globe three times as ship steward or cook, and put the finishing touches to his training at some of the world's finest hotels.

in almost any milieu that there is an "incredible" meal to be had at a certain house! How many hotels have grown rich on a reputation based, not on a vulgar line-up and assortment, but on just one, superb dish? Such are the fruits and rewards of a stable home or a reputable house. Who can forget the Brevoort, the Opening Door, Foyot's, Davis Pavillion, or the old Waldorf? Instead, in the same areas one now sees hideously ornamented cafeterias and lascivious so-called coffee shops, presided over by ignorant gypsies unfit to brew the very tea for their fortune-telling!

How can a chef or housewife prepare anything worthwhile when both are barraged constantly with "new ideas"? While the chef in the hotel kitchen receives instructions from some pseudotechnical paper, the housewife at home is simultaneously informed, through some woman's magazine, on how to break an egg at an angle of 60 degrees, against the dexter side of the skillet. At the same time the radio advises them — if they are foolish enough to listen — that the egg should be broken with a staccato rap against the utensil's lip. To add to this confusion, the home economics superwoman and superman tiptoe lightly into focus

and demonstrate the only correct way, by *snapping* the egg! Today they all agree that the egg should be dry — dehydrated, frozen, canned (but never fresh). Tomorrow we will be told to get it radioactive, mercurized, protonized, isotopized, and so on, but never fresh.

This double talk of "advanced eugenics" grows among copywriters and home economics institutes like fungi in old open plumbing, and it reminds the writer of an old peddler-barker in the midway of a state fair. He was selling a remedy for corns, and a cigarette lighter, both for the price of five cents. After a garrulous soliloquy of five minutes, he would distribute his wares, collect his nickels, and move over to the other side to sell more. No one dared complain that this deal was a pure swindle. The package contained one book of matches and an envelope enclosing an imitation of a medical prescription — "Use shoes bigger size than the size of your feet, and the corns will go away. Dr. Footnut."

IN THE OLD DAYS a delicate touch of French dressing in a salad after the main dish and before your dessert, was something of a ceremony indicative of your desire and taste. You

would ask for a certain olive oil — Spanish for strength, or French for its light aroma — powdered mustard, sugar, paprika, a cruet of some special kind of vinegar, and a bowl with a splinter of ice. You would specify these things as you wanted them — some known bouquets which to your point of view would make that dressing to your personal taste. It might have been the beating of the oil, or the mustard and ice which thickened it, or the rubbing of garlic around the inside of the bowl, or perhaps the garlic-saturated heel of bread in the bottom of the bowl that made it taste your own way. Then you would present it to your guests as an example of your personal taste.

These days the chef and housewife are forced to buy salad dressing ready made. One reads the mythical copy, how the formula, not the recipe, is a secret one, coming down through the ages from one grandmother to another until it reaches the fortunate heir who sails his yacht to a Shangri-La island and waits for a full moon. Then, the copywriter says, and only then, is the vinegar to be added for it will be at its most serene acidulation before the oil dives into it. Thus the two will not offend each other. The other ingredi-

ents are poured in by a system of flare signals from an opposite shore and when the homogenization is achieved — well, it is too late for any of those essentials to revolt or curdle. But above all, the modernistic ex-perfume flask and psychologically well-fitting name like ORACLE, "the French dressing with a democratic base," or WONDER WHIP, "will really fatigue your salad," completes the brazen chicanery.

One should add that what is said about salads following the main course is correct among the gourmets and epicures, and it is used in most restaurants and hotels where the chef's influence prevails. Yet enter an average restaurant or a tea room during a luncheon or dinner, and count heads as to how many eat their salad in advance. "The guest," they tell us, "can't wait." Since salad is a cold dish, why shouldn't it be shoved before the guest and save the waitress one more trip? Little we care about the guest's digestion, and less the public knows that a bite or two of that salad after he has gulped down a T-bone steak will help digestion and take the place of bicarbonate of soda and its brethren. Try a piece of lettuce after a heavy meal, and notice a slow, mild "burping."

About that humble sprig of

parsley which the majority of guests in the restaurants and hotels throw away with disdain, cussing the cook who decorates the plate, well — in the B. C. (before chlorophyll) days, parsley was doing a darn good job to keep halitosis out of social circles.

The technique, however, of pleasing a guest is not the aim of the chef any more than it is for the housewife to please her husband, (all aspects, of course, taken for granted). The lady of the house and the chef are indoctrinated by advertisers, by publicity, by government theorists, all working overtime to assist the young woman — to her comfort, leisure and the pursuit of bridge. The chef is guided to the blind alley of limitations. These influences are cast upon the executive chef with superimposing rays of theoretical facts and figures of auditors, outside advisers and efficiency experts, who insist that food is a pragmatic science with no aesthetic realism. Confronted by these perplexities, the executive chef moves with his back to the wall.

The advertising agencies, through the salesmen, will swamp him with recipes on how to use artificial eggs, fish, meat, poultry and fruit. They will submit to him graphs and color

charts, compelling but vague, of how profitable it will be if only the chef forgets how to prepare that good old-fashioned chicken broth with heavy and fatty golden-yellow fowls and begins learning how to mix "Chicken-glub", a powder discovered by a chemist who, in his assignment to find some means for the disposal of the residuum of a polluted tank, discovered "Chicken-glub." The advertising booklet informs us that it cooks like chicken, it tastes like chicken. Dilute it in water and there you have it, "Chickenglub" like mommy used to make.

TO BECOME an executive chef, one finds an unwritten birth-right first to become a gourmand, not a gourmet; he loves food, he enjoys good food; his insatiable curiosity goes further into searching the mysteries of blending. His logic is trained to the common horse sense of a mathematician; his aesthetic sense is harnessed by that logic to blend and create, then to present it for the satisfaction of seeing his fellowmen enjoy his creation, or, as the French call it, *chef d'oeuvre*.

But to accomplish this took him a lifetime. During these rigorous years he was able to acquire a rounded cosmopolitan education with liberal lean-

ings. He can be the envy of a Harvard graduate, with a Ph.D. from Princeton to top it, with several languages to his credit. He can dissect any four-footed animal with the skill of a veterinarian. He can pass for an ornithologist any time one brings up a conversation of edible or poisonous, dwarfed birds. His ichthyology is encyclopedic and will give you a treatise on bivalves, why no more pearls can be found in oysters. His repertory of sauces runs parallel to the repertory of concert music and geographical data.

He can, without exaggeration, sniff at food and inform you at a glance of its seasoning. He can run his hand through a hot oven and detect within a few degrees of variance the B. T. U.'s better than the thermometer of an M. I. T. engineer.

His solid understanding of bacteriological science is uncanny. He can cope with any problem of sanitation more swiftly than the arrogant attachés of the health department who inspect and grade the kitchen.

To the chef, the disregard and dissipation of food is a sacrilege. Food to him is not only salable merchandising of nourishing items; it also has an imponderable value which one finds in flowers, silks, precious metals and stones, or if one is lucky, in old, second-hand tapestries. He describes food with seriousness and reverence. No matter what the dish is, plebeian or a *chose célèbre de la cuisine*, his admiration will be as expressive as if it were a sonata. His enthusiasm, when it comes, is a brimful cup of happiness for a job well done and well appreciated.

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Manchurian Diary

BY SONOSHIN INOUE

This account of the Russian occupation came to THE MERCURY handwritten on lined looseleaf paper. It told us nothing about Sonoshin Inouye, but we have just received a letter from his rural trading post in Osaka which reveals that he was editor of the Manchuria Daily News at the time of the Soviet invasion. Inouye writes that he was born in a Japanese farm village, went to California as a boy and got his high school education in Bloomington, Illinois, and his college degree at the University of Wisconsin. He has worked on newspapers in Chicago and Honolulu and was once one of Hawaii's most popular local columnists. He went to Manchuria in 1931. After his repatriation he worked for the American army for three years, but has recently gone into the business of importing American goods into Japan.

THE RED REIGN of terror, plus myriad military burglaries, let loose by Stalin's stealing minions upon the totally unarmed Manchurian population in August, 1945, which raged in full fury for eight months, was a capital sample of Kremlin's military occupation. Steal and swipe is its slogan. To the world at large the rampant Soviet domiciliary and street looting are known very little. For the Red G.H.Q. had interdicted all mail, telephone, telegraph

and railway facilities to all Manchurian inhabitants immediately after their invasion, and the edict remained in force throughout the occupation. So we were isolated as completely as if we lived on another planet — a region of ruthless tyranny and rapine.

Moreover, writing of diary, memorandum, report or letter was forbidden by the Soviets under the threat of dire punishment. But all those who had undergone the manifold cruelties

and horrors of those torturing months had the most brutish instances of human greed and rapacity branded upon their memories. They remember, as if written with flaming pens, that those unwashed disciples of the world-saving Communism could beat the whole creation for unwearyed wanton acts; that Stalin's minions know scruple nor shame no more than alligators or sharks.

The following record of the Moscovite military occupation is written from a diary kept (despite the Soviet ukase) during the postwar occupation of Changchun in Central Manchuria. The Red outlawry there was typical of that prevailing in other occupied cities and towns. So the writer ascertained after conversing with repatriates from nine other Manchurian cities and three farm settlements. "We have all gone through the same hell and luckily survived," they remarked.

The crimson-bannered legions stormed into Changchun on September 24, 1945, a week after all hostilities had ceased. But they swooped down upon the city like the Assyrians of old, like wolves upon a sheep-fold. The Stalinic braves were handy at smashing closed gates, doors and windows of thousands of private dwellings with rifle

butts, crowbars and sledge hammers. That was their naive way of signaling, celebrating their unopposed entry and their first night in the former capital of Manchuria. It was an organized burglary, en masse, striking like thunderbolts all the better residential quarters of the city on that initial night.

Each plundering platoon was led by a truculent subaltern or a sergeant. The uniformed outlaws considered the domiciliary looting as an integral part of their military operation. Battling armed foemen was the nasty but necessary prelude to the more pleasant, profitable ransacking of homes, stores, offices, clubs, and houses of religious worship.

Numerous military burglars stormed through our residential section, forcing their entrances, menacing the families with pistols, rifles, sub-machine guns; strapping men beating, cuffing women, terrorizing children, ransacking chiffoniers, closets, ripping open trunks, cloth chests, lifting up mats, seeking frantically for money, watches, jewels, fountain pens, cameras, binoculars, valises, handbags, brief cases, suits, dresses, kimonos, leather belts, tobacco, pipes, soap and towels, and most eagerly for liquors. They rummaged even household Buddhist

shrines, smashing gilded images, hunting for possible hidden treasures behind or below them. From the midget shrines they glanced up at ceilings, hoping for apertures that might cache stealable goods. For their greed was boundless as the sea, just as cruel and all-devouring.

The nocturnal house-to-house foray lasted from around eight p.m. to the wee small hours of September 25. The stolen goods were carried away in U.S.-made jeeps, light trucks, motorcycles with trailers, in gunny sacks and cotton bags. The whole procedure was a systematic brigandage, winked at by the Stalinic (rather Satanic) powers that be. It was the Kremlin's unique way of carrying war into the occupied people's homes and hearths. It is something never told in the blatant Soviet broadcasts in Chinese and Japanese languages.

AT OUR second-story apartment, facing the Shunten Park, we heard the marauders' shouts and householders' muffled cries from nearby houses and flats. We knew our home was due for invasion right away. So I disconnected the electric lighting switch. The night was cloudy, chilly and windy, and we would receive our unwelcome "guests" in the dark, so

they couldn't search our place as well as at fully illumined houses.

With savage yells and whoops the world-liberating troops blasted off the front gate of our building, booted over the flowers, and smashed through the double doors. The battering by rifle butts and crowbars was mingled with discordant melodies from neighboring buildings. That was a genuine Communist symphony — a foretaste of Communism destroying Capitalism.

As the Stalin squad from the front stormed up the stairway with flashlights and loaded firearms, another leaped over the picket fence in the backyard and ran up the rear stairway hurrahing. We were attacked from the front and rear. Direct resistance was futile, as we were outnumbered and unarmed. In fact, I was the only adult male in the house. Soon as the vandals forced open the front door, I went there and asked in German (which most of the Soviet officers and sergeants understood more or less) if they have an official warrant for intruding into the house. A hoarse laugh was the answer.

Two burly bucks strapped my hands with a greasy hemp rope they brought along and jostled me into a closet near the door. They searched my old coat and

trousers. I gave them a half-filled cigarette package, but my wrist-watch and cigarette lighter, which I had precautionally thrust into a flannel shirt pocket under my sweater, escaped the uniformed brigands. Likewise, my purse thrown behind a stack of books on a high shelf. The Soviet thugs flash-lighted the closet and found only a battered hat and a boy's worn sweater on the wall hooks. They missed a tweed light overcoat, a woman's shawl and two pairs of good shoes which were thrown into a wooden box under a narrow table of the closet. The husky thugs took fancy to the small sweater but left the hat un-snatched. Then they slammed the door, locked it, taking away the key. So I was locked in securely.

My wife and a niece visiting us had betaken themselves before the military burglars arrived into a tiny storage room on the back porch and locked the door. They had their personal and family valuables on their persons, plus a pair of kitchen knives for defense in the last extremity. Our eleven-year-old boy was told to run out to the park, stay there until the burglar gangs left the vicinity. But he volunteered pluckily to remain in the flat. The boyish curiosity to see the "Ruskie" burglars at

work was the main motive for his staying, as he admitted later.

Our marauders were greatly annoyed by the boy's Alsatian pup, which had barked at the rear door intruders and bit one of them in the yard. The dog entered the flat with the intruders and stood loyally by his young master. He barked and snapped at the Ruskies, although kicked by the latter repeatedly. The darkness and the dog hampered and worried the vandals in their rummaging through the three Japanese-style rooms and the foreign-furnished reception room. The lad had thrown fountain pens in the reception room under the book stand and I had placed my camera and field-glasses in a secret drawer of a chiffonier. So they all escaped the Soviet clutch. The radio set was in the storage room. Stalin's minions repeatedly asked the boy for the whereabouts of these instruments, for purses and cached banknotes. But he steadily shook his head, professing his bland ignorance. They threatened to shoot him.

A few rifle shots were heard along nearby streets, fired at some householders running off with their precious possessions toward the bosky gloom of the park. Once the vandals laid hand on the boy, bragging to

throw him out the window. Then the little dog hurled himself at the gang leader, a subaltern who was clutching the boy, and bit him viciously on his thigh. The latter howled, drew out his pistol and fired at the dog's head. My son raised a lusty cry and yelled for help. I heard the shot and the cry and thought the boy himself was wounded. I flung myself against the door twice but the stout lock would not yield. I regretted my stupidity in leaving the boy with the ruffians. But the impotent rage availed nothing. In the meantime, there were heard from the street more shots and shouting. The marauders in our flat, probably misjudging the street noises for an armed residents' counter-attack, abruptly decamped.

Despite his agony over his dying pup, the boy had the presence of mind to notify his mother that all the nine Ruskie brigands had left the place. The two ladies emerged from their hiding nook, which the intruders had no chance to molest. The closet door was unlocked by a spare key and I came out to behold the rooms in utmost disarray. Great was my relief to meet my son unharmed. The two women fetched out and lighted candles and a kerosene lamp, and calmly put back into

drawers and chests and trunks all the scattered articles, and inventoried their losses, which proved less than expected. For the vandals took cheap, gay-colored pieces of clothing, leaving behind more costly things. Their ignorance of textile value, the flickering flashlights, the dog's hounding and their impatient haste combined to make their booty meager, strumpery. My wardrobe trunk (bought in Chicago) which was locked, the thugs pried open with an iron bar, and littered shirts, suits, handkerchiefs, collars, socks and neckties around it. Only bright-colored materials were stolen. They boy declared the vandals carried out only two sacks half-filled and that at least "four of the burglars were badly bitten by Rex."

The women folks took the clothing loss with composure, but were deeply distressed by the ugly blood stains of the dog and bandits. Rex bled to death on the center rug of the reception chamber, which was left topsy-turvy with upturned sofa, chairs, and window curtains ripped, probably to bind up the brigands' wounds.

They stayed at our place only about twenty minutes, while they ransacked some other houses for two hours or more under full electric illumination,

searching more leisurely, fully, and netting larger booties. For their house masters had not severed lighting switches nor hidden valuables cleverly. Simple precaution could hoodwink bold, naive burglars.

While the ladies were busy tidying up the rooms, I patched up the broken doors, helped by the lad. We buried the dog in the backyard with military honors, minus vollying and bugling. Soon we prepared for a possibly new foray by Soviet bucks during the same night. Better clothing was packed in boxes and un-stolen suitcases and placed under the mat flooring, and small valuables were cached in the storage room. The ladies considered the feasibility of escaping to a pavilion on the roof, for the next gang may notice the store room and smash its frail door. We slept fitfully for a few hours on that memorable night, anticipating a fresh batch of vandals who never showed up.

GREETING the misty dawn of the September 25 after the terrifying night, the great majority of the residents hoped the wave of vandalism was over. But they hoped in vain. For soon as the sun shone bright over the dewy fruit tree leaves and garden greens, fresh squads

of Soviet plunderers were out with rifles and sub-machine guns strapped on their backs, trench shovels and sacks in their hands, invading orchards and kitchen gardens. The same soiled, greasy bags and burlap sheets that hauled off assorted garments on the previous night, were now stuffed with tomatoes, melons, cabbages, potatoes, radishes, squashes, peas, beans, peaches and pears. A portion of the fruits they ate ravenously right off the trees; the rest they dumped into their precious bags. The residents looked out of their windows at the scowling Stalin's minions, ravaging the orchards and gardens, "just like two-legged monster locusts and vermin," as one neighbor matron remarked.

At one backyard I saw two small girls timorously offering freshly cut tulips to a huge-mouthed Soviet N.C.O. The latter took the blooms and threw them at the damsels' faces. The girls fled in panic, crying. The grinning rowdies from Holy Russia had no relish for bouquets. I saw some frisky lads throw ripe tomatoes at the vandals. The latter flew into towering rage, leveling their machine guns at the boys. At other places they actually fired at nearby windows.

A more shocking phase of the

Kremlin's reign started in the mid-afternoon. The invaders halted thousands of pedestrians of both sexes on the streets and parks, seizing their satchels, handbags, searching their pockets, looting gleefully purses, watches, rings, necklaces, leather belts, etc. Those wearing new or good suits were stripped bare right on the public thoroughfares. Many such forced disrobings were witnessed simultaneously along a single block. The victims were also robbed of their shoes if the leather was shiny, sound. Women and girls were stripped of their outer garments, if their fabrics were attractive enough to tempt the Soviet cupidity. To crown the affront, the clothing vandals and their promenading comrades bubbled with malicious grins as the disrobed, unshod victims fled homeward in frantic haste, blushing or cursing.

The series of "matinee burglaries" started on the same afternoon. Less widespread than the previous night plundering, which covered the whole of middle and upper class residential areas, the daylight forays proved more brutal and bloody, according to what we heard from the victims. They were staged by those vandals whose stolen "harvests" on the previous night were scanty and who

were jeered and mocked by luckier raiders, for timidity or stupidity. Our immediate vicinity was unmolested, but scores of residents elsewhere were hurt and some killed in the initial matinee raids.

Late in the day the Soviet H.Q. in the city issued a proclamation in Russian, Chinese, Japanese, excusing the morning's "vegetable requisition" (unpaid) as necessary for supplying the troops with fresh provisions. But the manifesto, posted at scores of street intersections, was discreetly mum upon the organized burglaries of the previous night.

Moreover, the edict warned inhabitants of all nationalities "to surrender voluntarily all photographic and radio instruments in accordance to the military law." As a matter of fact, most of the radio sets and cameras were already looted by the semi-official night requisitions. It was useless to argue, as we tried, that after the hostilities wholly ceased, unpaid military requisitions of cameras and other commodities were illegal. The loaded gun was the Soviets' menacing rejoinder.

The terrorized inhabitants had the bitter realities of the Red reign drilled into their minds and hearts. They ceased to leave their domiciles except

on urgent business. For outdoor wear they chose the most tattered, grimy garments in their possession, ragged enough to repel even the Soviet cupidity. Sometimes they ripped up, smudged decent suits expressly to make their street appearance mean and beggarly. Also they took to wearing wooden clogs, instead of shoes, for the invaders' hands were itching for leather in any form. The Changchun streets were soon redolent with such scarecrow pedestrians. The altered apparel was a "corker." Blessed were the poor in apparel for they obtained rare Soviet mercy.

All the while, the people's domiciles were nightly exposed to the Red brigands. The Anglo-Saxon concept that a man's house is his castle is a creed unknown, utterly alien to Stalin's stealing stalwarts. Soon as they noted that comparatively few residents, with empty pockets and seedy clothing, were out on the streets daily, they redoubled their nightly, matinee forays into the residences. Confined at first to better dwellings, the domiciliary searches soon extended to slums and adobe hovels. The Moscovites drew no class line in their brigandage. Frequently they brought along female helpers in their forays. The latter specialized in search-

ing, selecting feminine apparel and household ornaments or utensils for booties. In three households of our acquaintances, where Russian girls were employed as domestics, they "ciceroned" Soviet soldiers into their ex-employers' houses, pointing out the places where valuables were cached, where finer raiments were stored. The young lady-burglars all carried army pistols and were just as ruffianly as the male outlaws.

BY OCTOBER first the majority of Changchun homes were virtually stripped of their valuables. Only staple foodstuffs, fuels, plain household utensils remained. Yet the Soviet thieves continued to hound and harass the householders by night and day.

Some elite brigands scorned to take away humble booties, and sought for choicer goods under the floors or above the ceilings. They were wreckers and "emptiers." They emptied grain, flour, potato sacks (spilling contents anywhere), waste baskets, ash bins, ever seeking for hidden wallets or trinkets. Wading through such muck their hands, faces, ragmuffin uniforms got filthier. But that seemed the least of their worries. What vexed them most was the well-nigh invariable failure of their

treasure hunts. Probably only one out of three hundred houses so ransacked after October yielded the brigands any valued article worth their frantic rummaging. The overgrown simpletons naively fancied that all red-brick or concrete houses must be houses of treasure, whereas they were mostly houses of want.

A novel phase of the Kremlin tyranny was imposed early in October. The invaders suddenly occupied, minus rent payment, all the larger residences, apartments, hotels, and schoolhouses of the city, routing out their occupants on a three hours' notice. The private dwellings, whose owners resolutely refused to leave, were set afire, and Soviet military police sternly halted any attempt to quench the fires. The majority willy-nilly obeyed the ukase, hurriedly bundling their belongings (all that were left after nightly Soviet pillaging), and put them out onto the sidewalks. The goods so exposed were ruthlessly scrutinized and fully looted by Stalin's roaming bucks.

While the unhoused families hurriedly sought for new habitations, they were roundly cursed by Soviet officers (via female interpreters) for leaving their "beggarly chattels" on the streets. The ejected families in

many cases found asylum with relatives or friends in unrequitioned but crowded houses. But some were forced to camp in nearby parks or vacant lots, exposed to chill winds and rains, or the crueler hardship of nocturnal Soviet looting. The lot of camping women was particularly perilous, pitiable. In the choicer villas and clubs, forcibly occupied by Red officers, their orderlies were out on nearby streets, trying to entice or seize any females between fifteen and fifty years of age for delectation of the swaggering officers. A Methodist Church we attended was turned into such a resort.

Forced labor (unpaid, of course) of male and female residents was another tentacle of the Kremlin octopus. The men were driven to clean up the invaders' barracks, stables and officers' quarters, equally filthy. Those slow at the unlovely, unpaid task were whipped. The crowning irony was the Soviet order that all the unpaid laborers should bring their own lunches. For the gracious taskmaster couldn't even furnish them a free lunch.

The battered, patched front doors of many Changchun homes were "graced" during the first fortnight of the occupation with wooden or pasteboard placards, declaring in

Russian, "This household is poor" or "No valuables in this house." But the pleading inscription proved of little use. For they could not be deciphered in the dark, and a good many uniformed thugs could not read their own language. Moreover, the vandals suspected that such public declaration of poverty masked actual wealth.

Similarly, numerous Chinese domiciles trotted out Russian placards, proudly declaring their nationality, fondly hoping to be freed from further Soviet molestation. Likewise, some Korean residents bore on their sleeves cloth tags, heralding in scarlet Russian alphabets their new-risen nationality. We have noted, however, a number of the placarded Chinese residences invaded by Kremlin warriors with intent to steal and have seen scores of advertised Koreans searched for money and watches on avenues and alleys. To Stalin's cohorts all non-Russians possessing cash or chattel worth stealing are fair prey, regardless of nationality or creed.

A MONTH after the invasion each nationality within the city formed a residents' association, to contact the Soviet H.Q. as a civic entity. They all appealed to the military authorities to spare them from the per-

sistent vandalism of the garrison troops. The Red officers laughingly moved aside the complaint, asserting that their men may have been a bit loose on the first days of the occupation, but their discipline has now been restored, that there are no better behaved troops in the world, etc.

The writer appeared at the H.Q. as a member of the Japanese Association group. He spoke briefly in politest German he knew regarding the valiant Soviet soldiers' excesses. A rotund staff officer wagged his Stalinic mustache and said blandly that soldiers of all nations, including the Japanese, do some looting when they first enter a captured metropolis. The Russians are by no means exceptional in that respect; and the Soviet command resent any imputation that its troops are worse in any respect whatever to those of other nations. There seemed no use in arguing with such truculent martinets.

Returning homeward from the abortive call on the Army Headquarters we witnessed only a block therefrom a huge, dark-haired Soviet sergeant in a greasy leather jacket wrench a liquor bottle from a skinny Chinese lad, who had shown it to the giant for sale. The boy ran madly after the thief, all the

while screaming at the top of his voice, but soon crumpled upon the asphalt road, receiving a hefty smack on his cheek. A moment later the plucky urchin resumed his chase, but was called back by his boss (possibly his father), who was trundling a midget cart laden with gay-labeled bottles and sausages. The pursuit of the giant by the midget was almost comical; yet the latter's dusty face was truly tragic as he gave up the futile chase.

Two blocks further on we were halted by three Soviet braves, and a blond-haired one asked us by a familiar gesture if we carried watches. We pulled up coat sleeves and unbuttoned our overcoats and coats to prove we had no wrist nor pocket timepieces. Then two of them bared their arms to the elbows, displaying proudly seven or eight (stolen) watches, appearing out of place upon the dark hairy arms.

The burly bandits were inclined to search our pockets when the leader of our group (president of the largest commercial bank in Changchun) whisked out of his pocket a Soviet H.Q. credential. The document tamed our hold-up men and they signaled us to pass on. It happened that out of respect to the H.Q. we were then wear-

ing decent suits. On other errands we went abroad rigged up in the usual scarecrow outfits — so escaping Soviet molestation.

The cardinal cause for the "profit" and persistence of the Soviet burglaries was the Asiatic fatalism, inducing the victims into passive toleration of the Slav pillage. The latter was accepted as akin to flood, famine, earthquake. "The burglaries can't be stopped," too many victims said wistfully. Similarly, the Reds' bare-faced thefts daily from small sidewalk stalls and stores were accepted by Oriental traders as a sort of irregular levy. There was no formal taxation, no civil government in any shape. Anarchy was rampant, a state of society relished by the Russian soul.

Several mettlesome friends of ours, who challenged bulky Soviet bucks' demand for money or chattel, foiled them successfully. I was accosted a dozen times or so on streets and parks by armed or unarmed Moscovite vandals. They took nothing from my person by force or threat, but I presented them with vile cigarettes bought from Chinese hawkers. A package of them was carried in my vest pocket expressly for charity gifts to the Kremlin braves.

The latter invariably demanded

watches first, then money. When refused they attempted bodily search. Then I backed up, thrust a stout cane in front as a barricade and shouted "robbers" — a word the invaders had often heard in Germany.

The stiff posture and the "robbers" cry combined usually worked like a charm. Twice, however, the ruffians threatened to shoot. When told to shoot if they dared, they recoiled sulkily. But they shot down a goodly number of faint-hearted folks who ran. They shy at firing before defiant faces.

ONCE a friend called at our house, and as the locked door was opened, a hulking Soviet, who was lurking behind a tree by the rear doorway, slipped right after the caller. The situation was a bit awkward. The caller was a scholarly youth of delicate health and sensibility. He was said upset by violent scenes, even those in fiction or movies. So I offered a lighted cigarette to the Slav intruder, while gesturing to the caller to retire to a closed room beyond. Then I told the would-be burglar in broken German that there was a sick woman in the house and we would talk in the yard. Reluctantly the Red retreated backward, as I faced, forced him. When the former stepped

across the doorway, the door was quickly slammed upon his face. But the fellow managed to plant his rubber-booted left foot on the door sill. So I kicked heartily the protruding foot with my heavy wooden clog and the foot was withdrawn with a groan. The door was securely shut and bolted. The baffled vandal threw gravel against a double-paned window in the kitchen. Then the young caller displayed more nerve than expected by tuning a tiny whistle he pulled out of a vest pocket. A small hatchet used for splitting kindling was then shown on the gravel-pelted window. They sufficed to drive off the unarmed, lone-wolf Red outlaw.

Once, walking over a park bridge, I saw three Soviet bucks huddled on a bench nearby, seemingly in an innocent chat. But as I crossed the span and advanced a few yards, they darted out from behind a tree clump, demanding money. One of them gestured they would dump me into the park pond if money or watch was not handed out pronto. I parleyed calmly in standby German, telling them I need money worse than they do. Then cheery voices were heard and lively approaching steps. The thugs turned their faces sideways. Seizing the chance, I made a football lunge

against the tallest thug who toppled down upon the leaf-strewn ground. In the sudden confusion this stirred I rushed to the arched bridge, shouting "robbers" to the oncoming party who proved to be a robust father and his two grown sons. The thugs took one glimpse at the newcomers, then they scurried away like March hares. We threw stones at the retreating Stalin braves.

Ten days or so after the Soviet influx all personal or household valuables in Changchun homes were either stolen by the vandals or securely buried, hidden beyond the marauders' reach. So the looting thereafter was mainly confined to staple provisions and other daily necessities. The provisions bags and barrels were usually kept near depletion. If full stocks were bought, they were smartly packed behind or below a stack of lumber, waste paper and rags in diverse nooks. So the vandals' booties would be small, discouraging. The householders secured their meager provisions from canny Chinese, who smuggled all sorts of grains, eggs, fresh or salted meats and fish from the surrounding countryside. The Soviets allowed no foodstuffs shipment by rail or motor lorries for the people. It was their heartless scheme to depopulate the city

through mass starvation. But the slow Chinese ponycarts entering the city at night over minor streets and alleys frustrated the inhuman Kremlin plan. For main thoroughfares were patrolled day and night by Soviet sentries. Only the byways were open to unlicensed traffic. Yet, the smuggling carts were caught now and then, and their drivers soundly thrashed.

As all banks and post offices remained closed during the Soviet occupation (months thereafter also) and so much of the currency in circulation were stolen by the vandals, keen shortage of banknotes were felt by the people at large. They had to buy the smuggled provisions at soaring prices in small stores and sidewalk stalls in order to subsist somehow. They also sold to the same traders usable garments, trinkets, silver or gold articles saved from the Soviet brigands. The precarious living mode could not last for long, however. In most cases their dwindling resources barely lasted until the end of the Kremlin reign. Many a household perished of starvation during the trying period.

AROUND November the Soviet A.G.H.Q. at Harbin issued its military scrips in order to buy up the Manchurian soya bean,

wheat, hemp, peanut, and other crops. The extensive harvest could not be grabbed by plunder squad tactics, as operated in the towns. So came the army paper money, which infiltrated from the farmsteads to town traders and citizens at large. But the latter generally distrusted the Soviet money, preferring rather the "Manchukuo" banknotes — the currency of a defunct government.

Stalin's minions, swarming around us then, had their hours of merriment between their spells of riotous brigandage. Soviet dancehalls in Changchun sprouted right after the invasions. The largest ones were former Japanese-owned department stores, looted of all their merchandise and metamorphosed into drinking-dancing resorts. Legions of scarlet-lipped Russian houris from Harbin became dance partners, waitresses and barmaids for the waxed floors, cafés and bars. Joy unconfined reigned in the former emporiums of trade.

We heard a grapevine report (for there was no newspaper, no radio allowed) in mid-October that Moscow pledged its allies to leave Manchuria in three months. The stipulated period passed by late November, accompanied by howling blasts from ice-bound Siberia. But there was no sign nor symbol

of Soviet withdrawal. Stalin's swaggering cohorts in their ragged overcoats, stained trousers and sloppy boots still swarmed the streets as numerous as ever. Frequently they paraded main avenues of the city with their tanks, trucks and cannon, singing sonorously their martial chants.

On the New Year Day (1946) we heard that the invaders would decamp by February end, after six months' occupation. The tidings made us jubilant on the great Oriental holiday. But the report proved premature and the Red horde tarried until April 27. The main cause for the evacuation delay was the time required for dismantling, railroading to Siberia two billion dollars worth of heavy industrial equipment, installed and operated by Japanese capital and management in Manchuria. Robbing, carting away the machinery was a big undertaking, and the Russians are no fast workers. The job took them eight months to finish.

The Soviets exploited the eight months also in organizing, drilling, equipping a large Communist army in Manchuria. Composed of Red troops from Shensi Province, Soviet drill sergeants, Korean Reds, veteran Japanese tank and artillery units and husky Manchurian natives

from the defunct "Manchukuo" army, this conglomerate host became a formidable instrument for the Communist conquest of Manchuria, and eventually the whole of China. It was really ironic that Japan supplied indirectly the bulk of the weapons and technical troops for the Manchurian army, that forged ahead to communize and remake the ancient land of Cathay.

When the Kremlin finally ordered its own cohorts to decamp from Changchun, it left the Chinese Reds tactically disposed on the city outskirts. So the civil war may flare up there at once. Actually, it so happened.

We had no time to feel relief and gladness at the long-wanted departure of the Moscovite legions ere we were breathing the bullet-filled air of an urban warfare. The furious combat lasted three days and four nights before the Reds vanquished the Chiang-Kai-Chek troops. The victory was only a preliminary to a two-year-long series of the Manchurian Reds' retreats and advances around that Japanese-built metropolis.

During an interlude of a Nationalist supremacy, when the railway to the coast was clear, we were finally repatriated to Japan, our ancestral homeland.

THE first serious job I got in the Active Service Unit was as secretary, bodyguard, and messenger boy to Peter Daly, the Brigade Commandant. It was a terrific thrill for me. I was only just turned eighteen. The two of us lived in one room of a big deserted house outside the city, and I came home only

once a week to change my underclothes. The family asked no questions and the neighbors treated me as something like a national hero.

Baptismal

A STORY

BY FRANK O'CONNOR

Not that Daly was anyone's idea of a Big Shot. He was a handsome, tall, broadly-built, easy-going fellow who wore big specs over his blue eyes, and he had the most disarming manners. Whenever he got into one of his famous scrapes he always tried to get out of it by charm. When charm failed he fell back upon the other thing, but only when it did fail. He was always most apologetic about these adventures of his, and when he talked of them it was only to

blame his own foolishness and sympathize with whatever poor unfortunate might have got hurt on the enemy side. Even about spies he always managed somehow to say the good word. He would describe how one of them behaved when he found himself trapped and then add reflectively, "Cripes, Mick,

'twas a blooming shame to bump him off. Sure, he didn't know what he was doing half the time. I blame Jack Kenefick a lot for that, blackening him to Headquarters." To a romantic young fellow of eighteen his conversation was a series of anti-climaxes. Why he picked me out at all I don't know, but I think it must have been my studiousness. He rather regarded himself as a spoiled scholar.

"Ah, I shouldn't be in this thing at all, Mick," he confided in me with a smile. "I ought to have been a teacher like my old fellow, but the bad drop came out in me. Too bloody wild — that was the trouble with me. Sure, I broke the old man's heart."

"You might go back to it after," I suggested.

"Ah, I'm too old, man," he said regretfully. "I'm too old. But I'll tell you what I'd like to do if I ever got the chance. I'd like to take up the fiddle properly. Cripes, man, I'm very fond of the fiddle! Do you know, I think if I had the training I might make a bloody good fiddler. Would you believe that?"

I was ready to believe anything about him then; a fellow who had got away half a dozen times from military and police, how could he fail to be a champion fiddler? Now, I'm not so

very sure.

We had been knocking round together for a couple of weeks when one day, just before lunch, as we were on the way to one of our meeting places, Daly decided to go up the quays for the sake of quietness. It was a spring day; one of those late March days which are like mid-summer except for the faint cloud of green on the trees. There was hardly a ripple to break the painted hillside reflected in the river. There was hardly a soul except for three little girls playing hop-scotch. Suddenly his lower lip came up like a shutter. "Look out now!" he said, almost without moving his lips. There was no need for me to look out. We were half-way up, too far to do anything but continue on our way while an armored car cruised slowly down at our side of the street. There was an officer in a steel helmet watching from the turret, and he had a revolver strapped to his wrist. The officer looked closely at us and Daly looked coolly back at him.

For one moment it seemed as if we might get past, but then the officer bent his head and said something to the driver. Almost at the same moment Daly's gun came from under his coat and he fired twice. I fired too for the sake of effect, but

the whole thing was over before my finger found the trigger. The armored car swung suddenly out of control and mounted the pavement within a few feet of us.

"Run for it now!" shouted Daly, doubling up, and as we reached the shelter of a side street the machine gun on the armored car started to tear the bricks off the corner.

Daly didn't halt until we had traversed two or three back streets and were approaching the main east to west thoroughfare. He was grinning broadly and his eyes had a sparkle in them. I wasn't in the least sparkling. I was an exceedingly harassed young man. Everything had gone too fast for me.

"Think we got that officer?" I panted, trying to make my voice sound matter-of-fact.

"If we didn't we gave him a good fright," said Daly, stopping to straighten his tie in a shop window.

"What'll we do now?" I asked, panic suddenly catching up with me.

"We'll look at the ducks," he replied with a chuckle, and, taking me by the arm, he led me up the long, tree-shaded avenue towards the park. It was pretty full; we had to share a bench with a couple of old bobbies discussing horses and

jockeys, and I had the mortification of listening to Daly talking about ducks to a couple of barefooted kids.

I'll give you a penny now if you'll point out the drake to me," he said.

"That wan, mister," said one.

"'Tis not," said the other.

"There he is mister!"

"Ye're both wrong," said Daly. "How old are ye?"

"Nine, mister."

"And where do ye go to school?"

"Sullivan's Quay, mister."

"And you mean to tell me in Sullivan's Quay school they don't teach fellows of nine to know a drake from a duck? What sort of old school is that?"

Then he gave them both pennies. He seemed to like kids. Later in the afternoon, when we felt the holds-up would have eased off a bit, we went back down the way we had come to an ice-cream shop where we had tea. Having missed my lunch, I was *ravenous*. As we came out a newsboy was skeltering past and I bought a paper. There it was, in the *Late News*, a few insignificant lines.

Shortly after one o'clock today an armored car was ambushed close to the North Gate Bridge by a party of men armed with revolvers, sub-machine guns

and bombs. In the subsequent engagement, Martha Darcy (8) 42 Coleman's Lane was injured, and, on admission to the hospital was found to be dead. Several of the attackers are believed to have been wounded.

I laughed with mortification at the last sentence, but Daly's face clouded.

"I didn't see any kids, did you, Mick?" he asked anxiously.

"As a matter of fact, I did," I said. "There were three of them, playing pickie."

"I wish to God I'd seen them," he said gloomily.

"Why?" I said. "It wouldn't have made any difference."

"Maybe not," he said, "but I might have taken some precaution."

WE WENT ON down a side street. It was all very well for him, but it seemed rather uncalled-for to spoil sport over my baptism of fire. Of course, I was sorry for the kid too, but there was nothing we could do about that now.

"Like a drink?" I asked, seeing him so low.

"Do you know, I think I would," he replied thoughtfully, and we went into the first pub we came to and sat in the snug, which was empty.

"Stout?" I asked.

"No, whiskey," he replied. "I need it."

"Oh, it's a bit of a shock all right," I agreed, "but you can't let things like that prey on you. You need all the nerve you have."

"I know that, Mick," he said in a depressed tone, "but I was always very fond of kids."

"Oh, so was I," I agreed, "but still, accidents happen."

"That doesn't make it any easier for the fellows that cause them though," he said with a half smile.

"I don't honestly see how you can say we caused it," I argued. "After all, it isn't as if we used the machine gun."

"Ah, I know all that," he said with a trace of impatience, "but, merciful God, Mick, death isn't a matter of argument. A kid of eight, playing pickie on the pavement — what does it matter who fired the shot? A lot you'd care if she was yours! The kid is dead, and that's all about it."

"I grant you that," I expostulated, "but after all, kids get killed every day. They get killed because a commercial traveler with a thirst wants to get in before closing time, or because some slum landlord wants to squeeze the last ha'penny out of their fathers and mothers, and it doesn't matter

to anybody. Our job does matter. It matters to the kids themselves more than it does to us."

"Oh, that's the right way to look at it," he agreed with a nod. "I know you're right. It's only that I'm a bit of a fool about kids."

For a few moments his face changed again; the lower jaw hardened as though he were trying to speak without moving his lips and a hard look came in his eyes. "But I'm telling you, Mick Mahoney, if the kid was mine, I'd never stop till I got some of the fellows that were responsible, and I wouldn't mind much which side they were on."

I felt rather like an offended David singing before Saul. I thought Daly really let his taste for anti-climax go a bit too far. He seemed to read what was in my mind for he suddenly gave an attractive grin and went to the counter.

"I suppose you think I'm a bit dotty?" he said over his shoulder, half in amusement, half in mockery.

"I didn't think you were so very dotty this morning."

"You'll go back and tell the Squad that Peter Daly is nothing but an old softy?" he went on.

"I'll say he's a very lucky man."

"Cripes, do you know, 'tis true for you, Mick," he exclaimed with sudden boyish ingenuousness. "If they managed to get us today 'tisn't other people's troubles we'd be fretting about now. We ought to be down on our bended knees. We'll have another drink and then we'll knock off for the day. Do you know what I feel like doing? Going to the blooming Opera House! 'Tis years since I saw a show."

We finished our drinks and set off down the same side streets towards the river. Daly was in better fettle; he was even laughing at himself.

"Pon my soul, Mick," he said, "but we're a comical mob. A lot of blooming amateurs that'll never be anything else. And it all comes of not having a little garden of your own. It does, I declare to my God!"

Then as we passed the corner of a street leading to the river a group of old women at the opposite wall bawled at us.

"Don't go in there, boys! There's English soldiers in there."

Daly paused and then crossed the road to them.

"What's that you said, ma'am?" he asked with his head cocked.

"Soldiers, sir," gabbled one. "They're mad drunk. They

smashed the head of one poor man up the road."

"How many of them are there?" asked Daly, and again his jaw was set.

"Four of them, sir."

"Have they guns?"

"No, sir, only bottles and belts."

"That's all right so," he said and his face cleared. "We'll see have they any empties. Come on, Mick," he said to me, "and give that gun of yours a rest. We did enough of harm today."

"Oh, just as you like," I said, well-pleased that it wasn't going to mean anything more serious.

He went ahead of me, pushed in the swing door, and stood with his back to it, erect and resolute.

"What's going on here?" he shouted.

There was a lot going on. It was an old-fashioned pub with a pedimented mahogany display stand and an arcade of mirrors. The mirrors were in smithereens and the display bottles were smashed or overturned and dripping on to the floor. They were obviously being used as cockshots. Four Tommies in solitary grandeur were sitting at a table in the middle of the glass-covered floor with a couple of bottles of whiskey before them.

"Here's the bloody I.R.A.

boys!" yelled one, a little runt of a man, and with extraordinary swiftness and accuracy he sent a bottle flying at Daly's head. Daly ducked; the bottle smashed against the wall, and then in three or four great strides he was across the room and throttling the little man at the other side of the table. Two of the Tommies bolted; no doubt they thought the whole I.R.A. was after them. The fourth was pluckier; he flung himself on Daly and I flung myself on him. He was pretty beefy, and I haven't the build for all-in wrestling, but, on the other hand, he was half-canned and I wasn't. We wrestled while I waited for a chance to trip him and I noticed Daly and the smaller Tommy rolling across the floor. Daly was the more powerful, but the Tommy fought with tremendous agility. Suddenly there was a loud bang, and the smaller Tommy sprang up and bolted. I started to pull my own gun, but the big fellow wouldn't oblige me by waiting. I followed him to the door and saw the two of them disappearing down the street. I raised my gun but I hadn't the heart to fire. With a certain feeling of complacency I returned, sticking my gun back in my holster, and then I noticed Daly still prostrate on the floor.

"What is it, Peter?" I asked.

"I'm shot," he replied in a dull voice, his lower jaw stiff.

"Shot?" I echoed incredulously. "Where are you shot?"

"In the chest. He had a gun all the time. I'm done for."

I saw the tiny hole the bullet had made in his vest and tried to repress the panic that rose in me.

"You're not done for as long as you can still talk about it," I said with assumed cheerfulness. "The hospital is only at the end of the street. Can you make it?"

"I'll try," he said between his teeth.

I put my arm under his shoulders and he raised himself firmly enough.

"It can't be very bad when you can do that," I said, but he didn't reply.

"What is it all, sir?" one of the old women asked as I helped him out.

"Ye were wrong about the guns," I said bitterly. "One of ye run ahead to the hospital and tell them there's a wounded man down the road."

When we reached the side door of the hospital two of the women were already there, talking in the hall to a young doctor in a white coat.

"Ye can't stop here, lads," he said. "The place is full of

soldiers."

"This man is badly wounded," I informed him. "You'll have to do something for him. He can't go any further."

"Where is he hit?" he asked, helping Daly to a bench.

"The left side."

"All right. Leave him here and I'll do what I can for him. But for Christ's sake clear out you, and take whatever stuff ye have with you. Those fellows upstairs are mad."

"What ails them?"

"One of their fellows was killed by the bridge this morning and they're out for blood. Come back when they're gone and ask for me. MacCarthy is my name."

"So long, Peter," I said to Daly who was lying back on the bench with somebody's coat under his head. "I'll see you later on." But his eyes were closed and he didn't answer me.

I WENT out again into the warm summer-like evening. Before the hospital I saw four or five armored lorries with sentries posted. I dumped the guns in a little paper shop nearby and went back again to the park. It had turned cold; the park had emptied and I had the bench all to myself. Suddenly I found myself shaking all over. I wasn't really afraid for Daly. A man

with a bullet in his heart doesn't walk a couple of hundred yards as he had done. And still I was scared. I was as bad about him as he had been about the kid. Those weeks of constant association had brought him closer to me than people I had lived with all my life, and death had become real to me through him. I almost wished I had never met him.

I returned when the park was closing. The avenue was quiet, and the young trees made an early dusk. The lorries had gone so I went to the main hall and asked for MacCarthy. He came down the stairs three at a time with his white coat flying. He didn't know me.

"How's the patient?" I asked lightly.

"Oh, your pal! I'm sorry but he's dead."

"Dead?" and I must have gone white for he steadied me with his hand.

"Come up to my room and have a drink. Who was he, by the way?"

"Peter Daly, the Brigade Commandant."

"Good God!" he exclaimed from the nationalist half of his mind. "The poor devil was dead before you were out the door," he added professionally. "Would you like a look at him?"

"I suppose I might as well," I said hopelessly. Between weariness and strain I was on the point of tears.

Rattling on about the way the English soldiers had gone on in the hospital, he led the way across a yard to a shed like a garage with a big door that opened on a side street and a small window high up which let in little light. He switched on a solitary light with an office shade. Under it three figures were laid out, and the nearest was Daly's. He looked very peaceful and somehow different, as if only the fighter had died in him and left the fiddler he had wanted to be.

But what really froze the blood in me was the grouping of those figures on the slab, for one was a little girl of eight with a high bumpy brow and brown, bobbed hair and the other was the fair-haired officer whose face I had last seen looking down at me from the turret of the armored car. In spite of the bandages you could see that the back of his head was gone. It all came intolerably close to me; I was walking up the quay beside Daly, and the officer was watching us from the armored car and the little girl was playing hopscotch a hundred yards away under the trees in their first leaf. Everything was living and shin-

ing at one moment and at the next it was black out. It was like being in at the end of the world. I said nothing to the doctor; I didn't think he'd understand.

Later in his room while we were drinking, looking down on the dark river and the slumland streets beginning to light up in the dusk I tried to explain to

him. It was like a weight on my chest, but as I expected, he didn't really know what I was talking about. He thought I was tight. You have to be through a thing like that to understand it, and even then what you feel isn't understanding. I suppose there really isn't anything to understand.

We were sitting in the lobby of the Hotel Excelsior in Naples. The old man said, There is something that I do not understand. Why do Americans drink so much?

— So that they can enjoy life, I said.

— Do you mean they do not enjoy life unless they have had a lot to drink?

— They begin to enjoy life when they drink, I said.

— That is very strange, the old man said. It is such a young country and the people all look so healthy. Yes. That is very strange.

— C. B.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

APPRENTICE WITH A PAST

BY ERNEST LEISER

Frankfort-am-Main

THEO KOCH, a young German I got to know this winter, is only twenty-two years old but he is a veteran of the last war. When he was fifteen, still in a Berlin high school, he was called up for military service and sent into combat just in time to face the full impact of the German defeat and to take a soldier's consequences. In the last days of the fighting he was captured by Red Army troops and sent east to a prisoner-of-war camp in Poland, where he nearly died from the treatment he got. Released because he was too sick and weak to be of any use as a slave laborer in Russia, Theo painfully made his way back to what was left of his home and family; he returned to school for a while and tried to patch together something of a life for

himself but he found there was nothing for him in post-war Berlin. One night, following the example of thousands of others, Theo slipped across the frontier, without a Soviet interzonal pass, and struck out for the west. He ended up in Frankfurt, where he has been ever since.

Sometime after he arrived, his mother and sister, Wally, with her two children, also escaped Berlin and came to Frankfurt, where Wally had the promise of a job with the American military government; Wally rented a bomb-damaged apartment and fixed it up. It was a happy day for Theo when he moved in with them.

Today Theo is working as an apprentice salesman in a textile supply house and feels he is on the way to a career. A two-year

apprenticeship to learn a salesman's trade would not sound enticing to an American youth. In Germany, however, trade practices still hark back to the medieval guild system; all young men must be apprenticed, whether to become bootblacks, stevedores or bank tellers. Until Theo arrives at full salesman's status he will only get the *Taschengeld*, or pocket money, which German firms pay apprentices. In his case it amounts to seventy-five Deutsche Mark — less than eighteen dollars a month. Theo, however, considers himself very lucky to have the job.

He is a friendly young man and pleasant to talk to. Although his war-time experience has left its traces — there is a certain fathomlessness that comes into his eyes when he thinks he is unobserved — he is not sour or morose. He speaks softly and well, gesturing now and then with his big, loose-wristed hands, and he is quick to smile. He is neat in appearance, a bit stooped, and his broad face is paler than it should be. If he sometimes seems preoccupied it is because most of his waking thoughts are concerned with the hard details of his daily life.

The textile company in which Theo is learning his trade is in the Hessian city of Wiesbaden,

twenty-five miles by rail from Frankfurt. As Theo not only wants to, but must, live with his family (for, with his constricted resources, his only alternative would be a barracks for single men), he has to commute to work. Six days a week, he gets up at five-thirty, dresses hastily in his one suit, which is threadbare but always in press, and sets out to walk the two miles through the dark wrecked streets to the station. Until recently, when Theo scraped together enough money to buy a warm overcoat, this walk was a bone-chilling ordeal, for the cold of the Rhine Valley in winter is viciously damp and penetrating. It is also better now in the train; a few months ago the railroad put glass back again in the car windows, replacing the wooden boards which could only partly shut out the cold winds. Although the third class carriages are still crowded and smelly, Theo can look out and watch the sunrise over the countryside and read his paper by daylight. From the Wiesbaden station there is another mile to walk to the plant; he gets there at eight sharp and works through, with a half-hour break for lunch, until six-thirty. Then he takes the train home, arriving there around eight o'clock, often so done-in he cannot eat his supper.

THEO'S CLOSEST friends are the two other apprentice salesmen in his department — Arno Heusinger and Alfried Norden. The family backgrounds of these boys are very different from Theo's. Arno's father was a construction foreman, Alfried's a butcher; Theo's father was a university professor — a considerable class difference which, before the war, would have put him in another social world. Now it does not matter; the circumstances of the three are alike, as are their goals. Every day they have lunch together in the workers' restaurant across the street from the supply house. They buy bad imitation coffee and drink it with the sandwiches they bring from home. These are happy and relaxed occasions; the boys sit around the bare table and unwrap the sandwiches — usually they are bread and margarine, sometimes they are bread and blood-sausage — gossip about the plant and joke about their *dummkopf* of a section supervisor. They are all interested in sports, in the football lotteries and the auto races; they are also all planning on buying motorcycles when they emerge from their apprentice's cocoon and become full-fledged salesmen with two hundred fifty Deutsche Mark a month. They are interested in girls, too, but they are all pretty

much in the same boat on that score. Theo, who has a normal appetite for the society of young women, told me what he was up against.

"If you want to take a girl out, you've got to have *some* money," he said, without bitterness. "Last fall in Wiesbaden, I had a girl for awhile. She was a helper in a kindergarten — a nice girl with an awfully sweet face. We had dates, but we couldn't *do* anything. I couldn't take her to the theatre or to dances. I couldn't even buy her a glass of beer in a café — it would have knocked my budget out for a month. So — we walked in the park. We got to know every inch of that park, Greta and I," he laughed ruefully and shrugged his shoulders. "Then, well, she met somebody else, a fellow from a rich family. And that was the end of that."

Of course in Germany today, where as a result of the war the girls outnumber boys five to three, it would be possible for a young man to find a girl who would pay the way for both of them. But Theo is not interested in that. It does not fit in with the serious picture he has of himself; there will be time for girls later. When he and his friends want an evening out, they go together to one of the *Tanzhallen*, where you can dance for

very little money. These places are dimly lit and cheerless, with bare, unwaxed floors. The girls, who have also come together in pairs or in small groups, sit at tables at one end of the room, talking in low voices among themselves and laughing self-consciously; they are elaborately unaware of the boys. The young men stand in solemn huddles at the other end, the oafs among them jostling each other, the more serious ones covertly watching the girls. When the band, usually a three-piece affair with the inevitable accordion, starts up, the boys detach themselves and march rigidly across the room to choose a partner. They dance, sometimes a clumsy attempt at jitterbugging to the band's approximation of American jazz, sometimes a polka to thumping German rhythms; after each piece, the girl is escorted back to her table, the boy bows stiffly and returns to his friends. Watching one of these dance-evenings, you get the impression that it is a masquerade of youth, a counterfeit. There is little vivacity among the dancers. They go through the motions joylessly, as though they were performing a rite the purpose of which has been forgotten. Now and then you see hunger in the eyes as a boy looks at a girl, but it is a bleak hunger and out of

place in what is supposed to be an atmosphere of gaiety. The evening ended, the boys go their way, the girls theirs.

Theo has few other recreations. He is usually too tired at night to do anything but go to bed and he has too little leisure to be bored. He likes to spend an evening with his family and he likes to read in his room. Some of his reading is for self-improvement; he devours anything that has to do with the textile trade or with business methods in general. His other reading is not of a very high order; for one thing, the fine library his father once had has been sold to pay for the repair of the bomb-damaged flat he lives in; for another, the exigency of war occupied the years when his intellectual curiosity would normally have been developing. Now it is mostly love stories or detective thrillers that he chooses; he followed a series in one of the sensational illustrated magazines this winter which purported to be an exposé of the loves and scandals of the high Nazi satraps. He was curious about them, understandably enough. "Their lives were always a mystery to us," he says. "No one ever wrote about Goebbels' mistresses or Goering's big parties. Who would dare?"

Theo's other principal inter-

est outside business hours is in sports. Sports are a consuming subject to the young Germans of today; energies that once went into marching and shouting "Sieg Heil!" at party rallies now go into cheering at football games, boxing matches, and auto races. It is neutral ground where no one gets hurt spiritually; victories are vicarious and defeats leave no scars. Theo gets little opportunity to be a spectator at the games but he follows them closely. After a conscientious going-over of the financial pages of his morning paper, he turns quickly to the sports section.

WHEN I first knew him, Theo talked sparingly of his life before he came to Frankfurt. He was not secretive but, like so many young people who have been hit by war, he tries to forget what is past and to shrug it off. In discussing political issues that affect Germany, Theo becomes passionate only on the subject of rearmament and the possibility of a new German army. It is strange that when a country is defeated, even one like Germany with its historic preoccupation with a national identity, the defeat acts like a fission, breaking the body politic into its component parts. The leveling effect of disaster

and deprivation tends to make of the people one group, yet the group thinks and acts as individuals. Theo is an example of this; he has his eyes fixed on his own future. It is hard to get any response from him on the subject of the Bonn government or the interplay of forces among the Allied powers *vis à vis* Germany. In another time he would be a political animal — the signs are there — but now he is apathetic. His friends are the same. None of the post-war political parties can reach them, though the Communists try energetically and the hard-faced, fish-eyed neo-Nazis, who barnstorm around Western Germany yelling for a return of the "good and noble things" of the Hitler regime, are making a strong bid for a following among the youth. Today, the Communists in Frankfurt are lucky if they can get two hundred people to show up at a rally; Theo does not know one party member. As for the stump-speaking extroverts with a hankering after the Nazi past, Theo and Arno and Alfried have only contempt. "What was good and *herrlich* about all that?" Theo asks. "It killed my brother and ruined my home. For me it was just misery."

On the subject of going to war again, even to fight the Russians, whose work in the

east he has seen at first hand, Theo becomes almost violent. He has no illusions about the Russians, though he thinks we have. "Don't think they can't come in here if they want to," he told me once. "They are like a plague of insects and you'll never burn them out." But ask him if he will fight an invasion. He ducks his head sideways and pushes out one hand, palm up. "*Nie wieder!*" he says. "Never. They will not put a dog-tag around my neck again. I had a bellyful of barracks and being yelled at by drill-sergeants and being told to do this, do that — fall on the ground, get up, go to the latrine, *Abteilung marsche! Abteilung halte! Na!*"

It was after such an outburst that Theo relaxed a little one day and told me about his life. His father was a professor of ancient history in the Saxon university town of Halle when Theo was born in 1928, youngest in a family of four boys and four girls. When Theo was four, Professor Koch was offered a faculty post at the University of Berlin and the family moved there and took a big, rambling house in the Lichterfelde section of the city. Theo sighs when he thinks of the old times. It was a jolly household. There was comfort and play and the feeling of security, no matter what big

events were cooking outside the garden walls of their villa. It was not until 1938, the year of Munich, when Theo was ten, that the Führer, whose picture Theo kept on his dresser between his mother's and his father's, made any impress on his life. That year he had to join the *Jungfolk* — the small fry division of the Hitler youth. But that was like a game. "We had marching and sports," Theo told me. "Even the political schooling wasn't bad. We had fun in the *Jungfolk*."

Theo's life in the early years of the war was like that of many other Berlin children of his class. He was evacuated to the country in 1940, for fear of British bombs, along with five hundred other school children. He came back home in the winter of 1941-42, when it seemed the planes would not come, but it was to a changed household. The villa was dark and boarded up, the furniture had been moved to the basement. His parents had aged and were preoccupied and sad; all his brothers were gone, except one, who was a cripple. In 1943, the bombs came and the house in Lichterfelde was half wrecked. Shortly after, Theo, aged fifteen, was taken for military service.

They put him in anti-aircraft. For sixteen months Theo served

on the Flak-guns, first in Berlin, later in Peeneemuende, where the V-1 and V-2 weapons were being made. Then, in April, 1945, Theo was given a rifle and sent to the Potsdam front in an idiot attempt to stop the Russian onslaught. As they headed up to the front, Theo and his company — a mixed group of white-faced teen-agers and frail old men of the Volksturm — saw the seasoned veterans of the Wehrmacht in full rout. At the end of one engagement, in which most of the replacements were blown to bits, Theo and those of his companions who were still alive were taken prisoner.

THE SOVIET P.O.W. camp was in the classical totalitarian mold. When Theo tottered through the door of the house in Lichterfelde late in the summer of 1945, his mother could hardly recognize him. He had been shaved bald and beaten, he was terribly thin and lice-ridden and his belly was distended from hunger edema. His sister Wally told me about the first months after Theo's return.

"We would wake up in the middle of the night," she said, "and think we heard the wind shrieking through the rafters of the bombed-out half of the house. It was Theo, having nightmares."

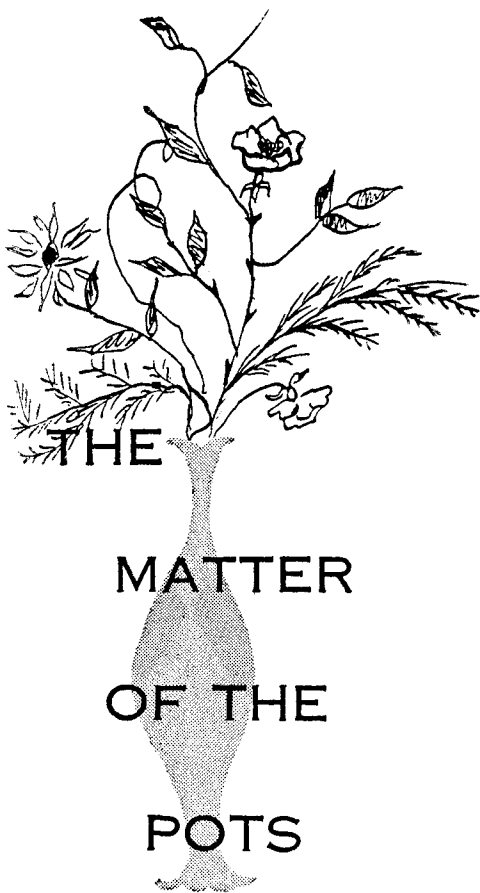
He went back to school but he was listless in class and had to be excused often from the room because of the dysentery he'd caught in camp. The Kochs were going downhill; only the crippled brother was at home; one had been taken by the British in Egypt and the other killed. Professor Koch was dying and there was no money except what Wally could save from her pay as an interpreter for the Americans and for the few marks a week paid them by two American soldiers for the use of a couple of extra rooms. The Kochs did not ask what the rooms were for. After Professor Koch died, Theo decided he must get out of Berlin.

In Frankfurt, Theo found that as a penniless casual he would have to work at clearing rubble or not be allowed to stay. There was no choice; he took the barracks bed and the ration card the city offered. After his day at rubble clearance, he did odd jobs, washing the Americans' cars, fixing their radios and working nights as a bartender in a Military Government club. He learned how to find and develop useful contacts — what the Germans call *Beziehungen* — and how a judicious passing out of the cigarettes he got as tips — the valuta of the time — could help him get what he wanted.

What he wanted was a steady job with a future — a "career." It took him a year of hard work and the cultivation of *Beziehungen* to land the coveted apprentice's salesman's job. When his mother and Wally and the children came on and Theo was able to move into the apartment, which they made quite attractive and homelike, Theo felt he was well on his road.

I have never heard Theo complain about his lot. He goes his way with a dogged purposefulness; he takes his few pleasures as they come but he keeps his mind on the goal: to become a

businessman, to have his own apartment and some day, maybe, a family of his own. He knows that another war would mean the end of even these modest hopes, but he cannot bring himself to declare that he would fight; he has had all that kind of fight burned out of him. He wants to be left alone to have in his words an "ordinary life." In Germany today you don't ask a young man what his ambition is; the area of choice is too pathetically small. If you did ask Theo, though, his answer would be just that: to lead an ordinary life.



FROM THE MEMOIRS OF
LIEUTENANT JAMES MONROE MADISON,
USNR

AS I LAY THERE in the sun that afternoon in 1939 I considered myself and searched through my life for the hopeful aspects.

I was just a healthy, thirty-year-old, medium-sized, rather normal American whose light-brown hair was already graying in the temples. Who had a degree in English from a reputable Southern university. Who came from a respectable, hard-working, Presbyterian, English-and-Scotch-Irish Southern family whose men died of neither syphilis nor *delirium tremens*. Who wore fairly good clothes. Who smoked Prince Albert pipe tobacco. Who drank Old Crow. Who used Pepsodent and Barbasol and Gillette Blue Blades and Mennen's for Men. Who was plagued with neither B. O. nor Bad Breath, nor with any other of the complex-causing handicaps. Who read *Time* and most of the better books. Who had cast his only two ballots for Roosevelt. Who hoped war wouldn't come, but believed it would, and was ready to stand with Britain if it did. Who made an honest and adequate living with a typewriter. Who liked to sit and swap opinions or spin yarns with most anybody. Who liked to play his piano for a while in the evenings, or listen to recordings of good, melodic, but not too high-brow music. Who had worked on some good newspapers, known the usual quota of decent guys and skunks, and who still found life worth

getting out of bed for. Who was more interested in understanding the world than in saving it. Who was not particularly ambitious. Who had no desire to accumulate power or possessions, or to rise to any rank higher than that of free man. Who only wanted to write a few books that might amuse, divert, or provoke the folks who read them.

If there was anything unusual about me in 1939 it was that I was childless and lived alone. This was because — well, writing is a lonely business, and then I had made the mistake of losing my wife. Her name is Leslie Stanton. We were reared in the same small town. She was always my girl. We were married when I was making twenty-five dollars a week on the Atlanta newspaper and a little more than this from the magazines. We were both twenty-one — I had finished college at nineteen.

I thought Les and I had a good life together. Between 1930 and 1934 we lived in apartments, first in Atlanta, then in New Orleans, then in New York. We ate together, slept together, drank together, laughed together. We read the same books, saw the same pictures and plays, and argued about them. She read my stories and we argued about them. We couldn't tell where

one of us ended and the other began. We belonged together.

I couldn't imagine myself not being married to Les. She was so completely mine, so feminine, so intelligent, so sensitive and capable, so talented in the art of giving and taking and living. Any man would enjoy living with Les.

But there was one basic disagreement between us. We came to refer to it as *The Matter of the Pots*. In those days I didn't want Les and me to own anything more than the automobile, the typewriter, and two suitcases. I was afraid we'd become enslaved by accumulated things. But Les was the world's champion accumulator. I began learning this when the heavily-burdened express men staggered into our apartment just a week after we were married.

"My god, Les, what's this?" I asked.

"Just a few wedding gifts I had sent along."

"But I thought you were leaving them at your mother's."

"I did leave most of them there. These are some things we can use."

I pried one of the boxes open and pulled out a big vase.

"What-the-hell we gonna use this pot for? Doesn't the hotel supply enough pots?"

She came and took it away

from me. "Don't call this exquisite vase a pot. Of course the hotel supplies vases. But we want our own particular vase. Now you run out and expose a graft and let me handle the house."

THE MORNING we left Atlanta the janitors and I worked for two hours loading Les's impedimenta into the automobile. And more had gone on by express. We looked like migrating Okies. Perched high on top of the load in the back seat was that goddammed pot, and it was so situated that I had to look at it every time I glanced into the rear-view mirror. It partially obscured my view.

"Les, my darling," I said, "don't you think there might be a few pots in New Orleans? Some nice new pots? Why didn't you give that one to the janitor? Why didn't you give him all this stuff?"

She patted me on the knee and laughed. "Sure they have pots in New Orleans. But we'll have our own. You don't want it reported that we arrived in New Orleans without a pot, do you?"

It was worse, much worse when we left New Orleans for New York. We had become a safari. But what the papers call "the impasse" didn't develop until we prepared to leave New

York for the first trip to Hollywood. By that time Les's "pot" had become a whole apartment-full of furniture and pots.

"I'm sorry, but it'll have to go, Les," I told her. "You know it's a long ways 'crost them plains, podner. It'd cost more than it's worth to pack it and ship it. And even if we spend the money, think of the trouble. Storage doesn't make sense. We're traveling too fast and too far in the world to bother about storing things. Life's too short. We'll probably never come back here to live, and if we do the town's full of hotels. Besides this stuff is only furniture. Grand Rapids turns out a new batch every day. And California's got the goddammedest, biggest, fanciest pots in the whole world."

But she took it with a dead white pan. "Something must be missing in you, Jimmie, that I've got a lot of. You're a tramp, and you can't understand what I mean. But it hurts me down deep, it kills something in me to have to part with things which have been ours. Life is an accumulating process with me; with you it's a process of sloughing off everything each year, moving to a new climate, and starting fresh."

When I brought the second-hand dealer in, Les regarded him

as an invader of her home. When he turned a chair over to examine it, she winced and reddened almost as if he had lifted her dress and examined her own leg. She looked on balefully for a few minutes, then fled to her room. I chased the man off, told him it was no sale, and went to comfort Les. She was crying.

"Oh God, Les," I said, "let's forget it all. We won't go to Hollywood. We'll live right her in Gramercy Park all the days of our lives. Or, if we go, you can take it all with you, down to the last broken ash tray."

But it was no use. She was hurt because I had ever considered selling it, and now she was mad because I had weakened.

"No, I can't take it with me," she said, "because I'd no sooner get it unpacked in California than you'd be ready to move again, and I'd have to pack again. It's too bad, Jimmie, but I was just never meant to be a mover. I'm one of those gals who would like to have been carried over the threshold of my new house the day I was married. Then I would have wanted to die in that house. If you and I had been pioneers we never would have reached California. I'd have made you stop at Omaha, and we'd have built the biggest, most pot-filled house

in Omaha and let the other folks have all the gold in California's hills."

We decided to ship to the old home down South a few of the things she valued most, then she'd go on to Chicago and spend a week with a college friend while I disposed of the remainder. I'd pick her up on the way out.

On my last night in New York a prophetic thing happened. The boys at the paper had given me a send-off, and I returned to the apartment about four A.M. somewhat less than steady. As I groped for the light switch in the bedroom, I knocked Les's old vase — the original "pot" — to the floor and smashed it. I felt like hell. Even though I had already sold everything, I sat down in the middle of the floor and cried. I felt like I had broken Les's heart. I never told her about that.

WELL, LES was waiting for me in Chicago and we drove on west together. She tried to be gay, but she was unhappy. I kidded her when we passed through Omaha. I said: "Here's where we would have stopped if we'd come through in 1870." She replied: "We'd have never left Georgia in 1870, even with the carpetbaggers and the Yankee soldiers still there." The

bare old hills frightened her; the desert depressed her. When we crossed the California line she said: "Item: 'Mr. and Mrs. James Monroe Madison entered California at 9:36 A.M. today without a goddammed pot to their name!'"

In Los Angeles we took an expensive suite at the Town House. We met a lot of people; I worked hard; we got some laughs. But Les was fighting a losing battle. I'd wake up at night and catch her either lying silently awake or crying. Or sometimes when she was sleeping with my arm around her, her body would jerk pitifully hard — so hard it would waken her. I tried everything. I sent her to a psychiatrist. I offered to go back, to go anywhere. I offered to buy a house. Nothing seemed to help.

Everything about Los Angeles either frightened or saddened her. When we'd drive past a park in the morning and see a thousand people sitting there aimlessly, she'd say: "God, those poor rootless, mossless people. They aren't a part of anything, are they? They're just marking time, waiting to die, alone." Once we passed a cemetery where a pathetic little burial service was in progress. A hearse and one automobile were parked at the grave, and four persons stood watching the interment. Les

said: "How can people live so alone? You can live a lifetime here and still not make enough friends to bury you."

Finally, one Sunday morning Les waked me. She was standing over the bed fully dressed. She even had a hat on.

"Good Lord, Les, what is it?" I asked. "What are you doing up? Why are you dressed?"

"Get up, Jimmie," she said, "I have to talk to you."

We went into the sun parlor and she gave it to me straight.

"Now don't interrupt me, Jimmie. You must let me tell you this. I know it sounds impossible, but I'm leaving you — at least for a while. You've got to listen to all of it; and you've got to understand. I'll not talk about our love and our past. We both know about that. I never wanted anybody but you; since I was twelve years old I've never even considered the possibility of life without you. I don't know whether I can live without you; I've got to try. I've got to try, Jimmie, because *The Matter of the Pots* is crucifying me."

I was sitting, drinking coffee, but Les was pacing in front of me, bending over toward me to emphasize her points. There was agony in her wet, brown eyes. She has a face like Margaret Sullivan's, and she wears little hats with tilted veils.

"You were born to live without pots, Jimmie," she continued. "Pots mean nothing to you. You resent pots. You can spend your life in hotel rooms and impersonal apartments. As long as you have me and that typewriter you can be happy anywhere. And that's a compliment to me. I know how much you love me, Jimmie; I know that I belong to you. But, Jimmie, without pots I can't make you happy any longer. Because I can't be happy. And by pots you know that I mean a lot more than vases. I mean a home and children and a place in the community — perhaps a church — all those things. I mean lifelong friends and associations. I mean responsibility for me. I'm a moss-gatherer, Jimmie. I'm not as big as you are."

"You don't need a family or a place in a community, you don't need to be a part of anything because you're a self-sufficient citizen of the world. The world is your oyster. But the world isn't my oyster. Just one little house somewhere in a gracious, sleepy, little community is the size of my oyster."

She came and put her hands on my shoulders and her lips quivered as she said: "Can't you see, Jimmie, that while I may be enough for you, you can't be enough for me. And that isn't

because I don't love you, it's because I'm weaker than you are. I can't face the realities of life and death without more props than you need. I need you, but I also need a family and fast friends and institutions and a community of people who value and love me.

"What has tortured me most, Jimmie," she said, "is your detached attitude toward life. You're good and honest and decent and gentle, but you're not a part of anything — you're just passing through the world on an observation tour. You frighten me with your unconcern about your life and my life. You know how I've worried during the last few months. You know how I wake up at night cold and frightened. You know what I'm afraid of? I'm afraid of suddenly finding myself forty-five years old and living in a hotel apartment with nothing to show for my life — and with nothing to help me through old age. Life has to be a cumulative effort, Jimmie, or you suddenly find yourself old and alone and barren and defeated and hopeless. I can't go on this way. If I do I'll not only be no good to you; you'll have to put me into an institution."

I HAD drunk two cups of coffee trying to get awake so that I could think before I spoke. I had

never seen Les so serious. I knew I had to answer all of her arguments; because for us to separate was impossible.

"Here's what I mean, Jimmie," she went on. "Now take a little town such as I'd like to live in. You'd never want to live there and take root there. You want to visit all the little towns in the world, then you want to put them down on paper, dissect them, and show how foolish and human they are. You could never belong to the Methodist Church or the Good Government League or the Parent-Teacher Association. You want to understand all the little towns; I want to be a part of just one of them. I want to belong to the Methodist Church and the League of Women Voters and the Parent-Teacher Association. You want to view and analyze; I want to belong."

I felt like a white-hot rod was being forced through my chest. I seemed so helpless as Les's tiny feet beat nervously around me. Yet her eyes didn't accuse me; they were filled with defeat.

"Do you know what four years of being married to you has been like, Jimmie?" she asked. "I'll tell you. It's been like a four-year honeymoon trip. On a honeymoon you travel. You take the bridal suites in a lot of interesting hotels. You

dress and undress and laugh and drink champagne and make love and visit beautiful places for a few weeks, and it's wonderful. But after the honeymoon should come responsibility — yes, pregnancy, the building of a home and a family, the gathering of moss, the accumulating of pots. Every now and then you can have another honeymoon; you can drop responsibility and go off to the hotel and spend a wonderful week just champagne-ing, dressing and undressing. And the variety makes it sweet. But with you and me, Jimmie — well, we've never left the hotel."

I hoped I knew what to say. "Now listen, Les," I began, "I understand the problem. You've made it clear. What I don't understand is your proposal to solve it by leaving me. Do you know what you are saying? I don't want to live without you. We can solve the problem. I'll change. We'll build the biggest house out here. We'll accumulate a thousand pots. I know you've been disappointed because you haven't become pregnant in the last two years. But the doctors have told us that there is nothing wrong with either of us. We'll have a dozen kids, and we'll start concentrating on that right now."

I moved to pick her up, but

she wouldn't let me.

"No, Jimmie," she said, "I've got to do what must be done. We can't buy a house out here because a year from now you'll be ready to move on. And I guess, too, that I'm afraid of these folks out here. They're not moss-gatherers. I guess I really mean that I want to live back down there among our kind of people. And when you say you want children, Jimmie, you can't mean it. During the first two years, while you were getting your start, I deliberately kept from getting pregnant; but in the last two years I've tried hard and nothing has happened. The doctors can't explain it, but I think I can. Some men are born to be fathers, Jimmie; others aren't. You aren't. You want your work and me, in that order — nothing else really matters to you. So I don't think you and I could ever have a child. . . ."

She began to cry, but she checked herself to add: "But I'm not saying that you've failed me, Jimmie. It's I who have failed you. I knew the role I had to fill in your life; I wish I could fill it, but I can't."

She was crying and I was crying. "Come on, Jimmie," she said. "You're taking me to the train. I sent the bags down early this morning."

I felt that my life would end

if she left me. I was able to proceed, to go with her, to return to that apartment, only because I kept assuring myself that it couldn't happen. Les would go home, then she'd come back. Or I'd go after her. Les belonged to me; I belonged to her.

That was in 1934 — fourteen years ago. I was twenty-five when she left me, so I've spent most of my adult life without Les. But even now I wake up sometimes at night disturbed and afraid, and I go back to sleep by pretending that Les never left me.

But it did happen. I don't know how Les found the strength, but she never came back. She wrote me letters; we talked over the telephone a hundred times; I went to see her after four weeks and pleaded with her; but she never came back. I begged for time; I told her that we were only twenty-five; that if only she'd wait two or three more years until I could establish myself, then we'd go back down on the river and "re-store Tara" and live like our grandfathers and grandmothers had lived. If we couldn't have children, we'd adopt a houseful. But she seemed to feel a terrible sense of urgency about life. She divorced me within a year and married the son of a cotton mill owner and went to La-

Grange, Georgia, to live.

In April of 1939, while I was on the aforementioned assignment in Hollywood, Les called me and invited me to visit her. She introduced me to her husband over the telephone and said: "I want you to come to see me and my family. I want to show you my pots."

And I went to see her. She met me at the train with her husband. He was a decent fellow, proud of Les, and sure enough of her not to resent me. Les had been honest with him, as she had been with me. I stayed a day and a night with them. I slept in their house. I held their two children in my unskilled hands: the little boy who was eighteen months old and the little girl who was two months old. Les showed me the place, and I knew she wasn't boasting and trying to make me feel bad; she was still trying to explain why she had left me. I have never seen a place more beautifully kept or intelligently managed. And I have never seen so many goddammed pots.

And during the twenty-four hours I was there, Les must have had a dozen telephone calls from the Methodist Church, the League of Women Voters, the Garden Club, and the Daughters of the Confederacy.

"I'm sorry," I said to her hus-

band at dinner, "but, whatever the records show, I'm afraid Les is a bigamist. And I'm afraid I'll always regard you as the man who lives with my wife."

That night Les drove me to the railroad station alone. I sat and watched her as she drove the car. She was thirty now, more capable and sensitive and desirable than ever. And it seemed to me that she had developed more than I had; that she had learned more about the art of living than I had learned. I told her that I, too, had a home now. Not so beautiful a home, nor so well managed a home, nor so many pots. And my home lacked a Les and her children. I was on the point of saying: "If only you could have waited just a little longer, Les; if only you could have given me just a little more time." But I didn't say it; I took a long breath of the peach-scented Georgia air.

Les patted me on the knee and tears welled into her eyes and she bit her lip, but she drove straight ahead. When I pulled my bag out of the car at the station, she said: "You understand now, don't you, Jimmie? You understand how it had to happen to us?"

"Yes, Les," I said, "I understand." And I walked away and boarded the train.

Nobody cares in KATMANDU

BY CEDRIC BELFRAGE

India is left in somewhat of a dilemma by the Rana family regime's quick success in quelling the revolt. . . . The revolt apparently was organized entirely in India. . . . Within a couple of days the Indian Government stopped the use of Indian airports for an attack on a friendly government, but the victorious Ranas of Katmandu may take the point of view that these steps came a bit late.

— *The New York Times*

MY FAVORITE REVOLT of the fall and winter season was the one in Katmandu, reported so far as I know exclusively by *The New York Times*. Nobody complained to the United Nations, and the delegate from El Salvador never got a chance to make his speech about aggression. It was a family affair in the most distinguished sense of the term, with the royal family on one side and the Ranas, or "hereditary prime ministers," on the other. The details were almost completely baffling except to one who, like myself, knows the essential facts about

life in Katmandu.

The one point that baffled me was why the Indian Government, which got itself into an appalling mess in the affair, didn't consult me before becoming involved (in the absence of the author of my favorite poem, "The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God"). I could have told them that noble intentions don't mean a thing in Katmandu and never have; you can run yourself into the ground trying to help out and nobody appreciates it. And while I do not want to drive anyone to drink in despair for civilization as we know

it, my conclusion on the Katmandu crisis is that little can be done.

As reported by a *Times* man who penetrated to Darbhanga, possibly on a small yellow elephant with a green eye, the background was something like this. The Katmandunians' hereditary prime ministers or Ranas are a sort of self-perpetuating Tammany Hall sitting behind the throne and wiggling the arms and lips of the king. The reigning Rana at the time the revolt popped was a man by the name of Mohan Shumshere Jung Bahadur; the king was Tribhubana Bir Bikram. Trib, as he is known to students of Katmanduniana, got it into his royal head that he would like to do some of his own wiggling, and since the Rana set-up isn't the most democratic in the world, the neighboring Indians backed him up. Of this Mohan Shumshere took so dim a view that Trib had to penetrate across the border to Darbhanga in a hurry, together with a planeload of wives, etc. A party of pro-Trib men was sent back in with Sten guns to launch some un-Ranan activities, but got absolutely nowhere — not even as far as Katmandu.

All this was back in October, and as of New Year's the state of the parties was that the Ranas had the situation firmly

in hand, with Trib's grandson Gyanendra on the throne — a puppet notably less stiff in the joints, being three years of age; the Indians were saddled with Trib, his two wives, the Crown Prince and *his* two wives; and the *Times* man was estimating the flush of "complete democracy's" dawn over Katmandu as "a matter of some years."

The only surprise to me in this debacle was the discovery that Katmandu actually exists. I cannot doubt the word of the *Times'* elephant-borne nuncio that Katmandu (although he seems not to have penetrated there) is the capital of "little-known" Nepal. Had this been suspected by the repulsive little eton-collared British boy that was myself forty years ago, the structure of my dream-world and who knows what beside would have been different. For Katmandu, as depicted by the full-bosomed, feather-boaed friend of the family in her next-to-closing recitation in our or anybody else's drawing-room, was the pure stuff of a British boy's fancy and took secure root in mine. The idea of seeing, touching and smelling Katmandu would have been absurd. Now after four decades the dream-Katmandu lies in ruins, smashed by Gen. Adler's boundless quest for news fit to print. It's all very

well for my dianetics partner to say I'll be all right if I skip boyhood for the next few sessions and concentrate on going back to the womb. My womb-life, unlike hers, was a total bore from beginning to end.

But that is my private tragedy; and my point is that the Indians who waded into the Katmandu-
nian fracas thinking their good intentions would be appreciated could, simply by letting me know that Katmandu is as real as Marble Arch, have saved themselves the royal headache they were finally stuck with. "The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God" — an epic which everyone else has forgotten but which for me can never die — shows the utter futility of the Boy Scout approach there. It begins:

He was known as "Mad Carew"
by the subs of Katmandu,
He was better than they felt
inclined to tell;

But for all his foolish pranks,
he was worshipped in the
ranks,

And the colonel's daughter
smiled on him as well.

THIS SETS the stage for a tragic
Tnarration which — repeated
without fail each time the
feather-boated lady came to dine
at our house — tore me out of
my seat at the age of nine, filled

though I was with roly-poly
pudding (a secret British formula whose chief ingredient was builder's cement). Nor can the past-masters of theatre and film induce in me now such unbearable tension as did this vivid stanza then, although I gave up eating cement for dessert a quarter-century ago and should be easier to move. The action was swiftly paced with no nonsense about what the colonel's daughter looked like and no ridiculous love scenes. All that mattered was that

She was nearly twenty-one, and
arrangements had begun
To celebrate her birthday with
a ball.

Here was a key situation for
prankster Carew, who, however, had his serious moments:

On the night before the dance,
Mad Carew seemed in a
trance,
And they chaffed him as they
puffed at their cigars.

The trance was induced by a

Cedric Belfrage pulled out of England in the thirties and wound up in Hollywood reporting on the movies for London newspapers. As a member of a SHAEF psychological warfare team, he helped start the first postwar German newspaper. He has written half a dozen books, among them a satirical novel, ABIDE WITH ME, on American undertakers.

remark the colonel's daughter had "jestingly" tossed off, that she would like the Green Eye of the Little Yellow God as a birthday present. In one line Mad Carew had left the chaffing, puffing subs, gone

. . . out into the night beneath
the stars,

and taken off. The next stanza brings him back

. . . before the dawn, with his
shirt and tunic torn,

bleeding profusely. The colonel's daughter behaves like a *pukka memsahib*: she gets him "patched up right away" and then keeps a vigil by his bed. But when Mad Carew comes to, he gets her to feel in his tunic pocket for her present, and there the damned thing is:

She found the little green eye of
the god.

The next stanza always threw me for a loop; as far as I was concerned it condemned all the whimsical womanhood in Christendom. The colonel's daughter proved to have been nothing but a tease all along, for

She upbraided poor Carew in
the way that women do,

and

She wouldn't take the stone,
and Carew was left alone
With the jewel that he'd chanced
his life to get.

Could the colonel's daughter stick around and cool her Sir Galahad's fevered brow with her snow-white hand? Not she! She was off to the tropic madness of the ball, and the hell with him. In a small gesture to the female sex the poet does throw in the observation that "both her eyes were strangely hot and wet"; but what possible good was this to the beaten-up Carew? The bitter facts of life in Katmandu were coming home to him — and worse was quickly to come. The denouement is told in eight stark lines:

When the ball was at its height,
on that still and tropic night,
She thought of him, and hastened to his room;
As she crossed the barrack square,
she could hear the dreamy air
Of a false-tune softly stealing
through the gloom.

His door was open wide, with
silver moonlight shining
through,
The place was wet and slipp'ry
where she trod;
An ugly knife lay buried in the
heart of Mad Carew —
'Twas the vengeance of the
Little Yellow God.

There you have it, Pandit. Who in Katmandu gave two cents what high ideals motivated Carew in his fatal prank? The colonel's daughter, though she relented too late, had made

a monkey and a dead one out of the poor chap. The subs simply went on puffing their cigars with an occasional interlude of waltzing when the dreamy airs went to their heads. The men in the ranks, worship Carew as they might, didn't lift a finger. And the owners of the knife, about which the poet tells us nothing except that it was unpleasing to the eye, made their lack of understanding perfectly clear. And so we are left with this melancholy picture:

There's a one-eyed yellow idol
to the north of Katmandu,

There's a little marble cross below the town;
There's a broken-hearted woman
tends the grave of Mad Carew,
And the Yellow God forever
gazes down.

The more I thought — reading the dispatches from Darbhanga — about those Indians with Tribhubana Sr. and Jr. and the four Tribhubana consorts on their hands, wondering what in the name of all the Yellow Gods to do with them, the less sympathy I felt. The Indians should read more good poetry and not be so impetuous.

The war did something to me, he said. I do not know just what it was. I am always so depressed and tired. I don't know why. I cannot work in my factory. I sit in my garden half of the day. I do not care about food or love anymore. Sometimes I cry at very little things. I am always so depressed and tired. I do not know what I will do. Many people take drugs because of this thing. I do not think I will ever do that. No. Not that.

He had been the leader of the partisans in his village. He wanted to sell his factory and retire. He was thirty-five.

— C. B.



THE THINKERS

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

CLIFFORD ODETS, another of the numerous "white hopes" of our theatre whom the critics have been discovering from time to time during the last fifteen or twenty years, continues in his latest play, *The Country Girl*, to entertain the belief that vital and dynamic drama may be achieved simply by intensifying the obvious. And as the stage director of his exhibit he again betrays his conviction that prolonged pauses between speeches will persuade an audience that not only is the dramatic very much more dramatic than it essentially is, but that the pauses will lend an import to lines that haven't any and, in addition, will give auditors the impression that the characters, whom he has not supplied with any

slightest evidence of the fact, are doing a hell of a lot of deep meditating. It must be confessed in his favor that his stratagems seem to work, since here once again most of the critics appear to have been taken in by them and to have swallowed them as sound and honest dramatic achievement. He is also fond of another trick, which seems equally to throw many of his reviewers off the scent, and that is to gloss over explosions of speech and behavior, which are plainly recognizable as contrived solely for momentary melodramatic effect, with immediately subsequent, alleviating apologies for them by the characters involved.

Mr. Odets' dialogue, which the critics endorse as sharp and

biting, is furthermore in greater part sharp and biting merely in its directed delivery. He uses his characters as cuspidors at which in turn they spit out their lines. The lines are terse and abrupt and hence have the superficial air of inner sting, but their content is salivaless and dry. They are carefully manufactured for sound, but the sound on any ear connected with any brain is hollow; and when he subsides into a quieter mood and waxes lyrical, the product is mush and takes such forms as having an older female character wrap an arm affectionately around a younger one, gaze wistfully into a mirror, and sigh about youth being such a precious thing.

He is also at times a little ridiculous in other directions. He is still fetched by the "strong" episode out of a score of past, dead plays in which a man works himself into a spasm of vituperation, slaps a woman in the face, thrice cries out, "I hate you!", and then suddenly seizes her in his arms, passionately kisses her, and breaks down into a gentle "I love you." In this *The Country Girl* he further asks us to accept his central character, an actor given to drink, as a genius on the score that he does not follow a playwright's lines but makes up his

own on the spur of the moment, extemporaneously alters the playwright's climactic scene, and in a burst of inspiration during it so beats up an actress that the poor, frightened creature rushes off the stage in hysterical tears. He additionally requests us to admire this actor jackass as a great artist because he has figured out, without any help from his playwright or director, that the character he is playing in all likelihood would have something of a belly and adjusts a thick pad under his shirt to indicate it. And Odets similarly, in the case of his director character, invites us to believe that neuroticism and talent are one and indistinguishable.

He writes, in brief, not with cool ink but with ethyl alcohol, out of a papier-mâché prop bottle. He is theatrical not in the sense of true theatre but in the sense of falsified stage. His characters are mummors, whatever the nature of their roles. They act like human beings only when they are not speaking, and frequently not then. When they open their mouths, what comes out is greasepaint.

ANOTHER OF OUR comparatively younger profundos, at least as he reveals himself in his newest play, *Hilda Crane*, is

Samson Raphaelson. For a reason I fail to comprehend, Raphaelson seems to imagine that he has hit upon something original and possibly even revolutionary in the theme of a young woman of today whose mother can not understand her free views on sex and marriage. "The inability of one generation to understand another has always fascinated me," he announces. "Watching my own children grow, I have realized with new awareness the battle that has been fought between my parents' generation and mine."

Mr. Raphaelson is very evidently the victim of an arrested observance, no less than the gull of a conventional theory. While it is true that there are points of difference in the attitudes of one generation and another, the common notion that the differences are always of an emphatic and irreconcilable nature is at odds with fact. Members of the same generation, indeed, are often as much apart in their views on life, morals, conduct, ethics, and all the rest as are those of two different generations. There is nothing arbitrary in the dissimilarity of the attitudes of two such generations. If a mother, as in this Raphaelson case, can not reconcile herself to her daughter's

conduct, neither, as also in this case, can the daughter finally reconcile herself to her own conduct, despite her apologies to herself.

Mr. Raphaelson, impressed with his expansion of the dramatic theme, goes on: "It seems to me that the typical woman of today is in a transition state, and that she is going through a struggle." Since sex freedom is in this connection uppermost in his mind, it is to be wondered if he is unacquainted with the identical transition state and struggle of such women of the theatrical yesterdays as, among others, Sudermann's Magda and Bergstrom's Karen Borneman who, besides, were also similarly confronted by parental prejudice. Mr. Raphaelson, it would appear, is further impressed with his discovery of women's battle for equality with men which, I think you will allow, calls for no critical comment, save perhaps to point out that the idea has already figured in at least three dozen plays ranging from Brieux's *Woman On Her Own* to some later day Broadway turkeys.

Our friend is additionally excited over "the woman who is experimenting, who is taking chances" and the hazards facing such a female: "Her sexual freedom has increased the fre-

quency of divorce, has contributed to the insecurity of her children; of her home; her increased economic opportunities have set her into competition with men and thus introduced into her life the power drive; the normal woman is not psychologically patterned to answer that drive, and when she fails it is a painful experience."

Will the maid please fetch the whiskbroom and brush off the dust?

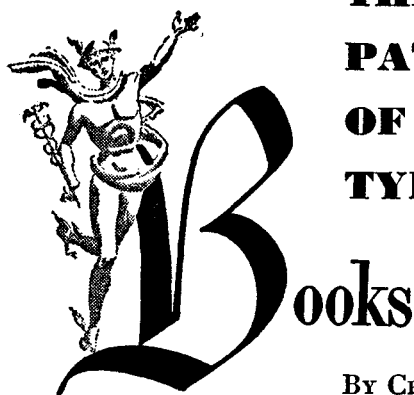
I HAVE selected these two illustrative brains of our current theatre not arbitrarily, but because the plays in which they have most recently been exercised seem to have made a considerable intellectual impression not only upon general audiences but upon many of the professional critics. For myself — and I pray no one will think for a moment that I am posturing as a superior being — I prefer, at least relatively, the brains of those of our playwrights who devote themselves

not to the hypothetical profundities of such drama as the twain in point elect to explore but, smilingly and nonchalantly, to what is customarily dismissed as mere light, unimportant comedy. Those of our playwrights, for example, like John van Druten and, when in proper form, S. N. Behrman, who for all their seeming fooling give us more truth of character, more truth of life and more good sense in their approach to it than three-fourths of the kind who knit their brows with the needles of immaturity and inexperience and out of it all produce only dramatic doilies.

What passes for thought in much of our so-called serious drama, in short, is simply opinion. Not the opinion of educated intelligences, which would of course be more than welcome, but the full-boiled opinion of half-boiled minds.

So, to repeat, I'll take the comedies. And, if no comedies are available, I'll settle for a good burlesque show.

THE PATTERNS OF TYRANNY



BY CHANDLER BROSSARD

NOW THAT THE world seems again involved in a showdown with the friends of evil, I feel there couldn't be a better moment to discuss a book which is to my mind the most articulate and imaginative work on the subject written in our time. It is the novel *On the Marble Cliffs*, by Ernst Juenger. (Though Juenger is one of the five or six major European writers alive, and considered the most important writer in Germany today, he is almost unknown in this country. This particular novel has been read by only a handful of Americans, unfortunately, and most of these are writers. But this is a point I will take up later.)

On the Marble Cliffs is an allegorical treatment of the rise of

the Nazis in particular and of tyranny in general. It was published in Germany itself in 1940, under the very noses of the people it condemned; but because its allegorical form threw the hot-eyed censors off, and because Juenger was an officer in the German army in the last war and a hero in World War I, the book was allowed to circulate. It immediately became a best seller everywhere in Europe.

The tyrant in the book is referred to as the Chief Ranger, a pompous, orgy-loving grand master of a mythical section of the world called Mauretania, but you can call him Hitler or Stalin or Franco or Peron, and it will be that man to perfection. The Chief Ranger was a successful low type who sur-

rounded himself with unsuccessful low types, and although he was loud and arrogant and aggressive, nobody in the beginning took him very seriously.

At first we heard little of the Chief Ranger; but it was noteworthy how as lassitude set in and reality dissolved he drew ever nearer . . . one heard only rumors like obscure heralds of a pest raging in distant harbours. Then reports spread from mouth to mouth of infringements of the law and acts of violence in the neighborhood, and finally such incidents occurred publicly and with no attempt at concealment.

A cloud of fear preceded the Chief Ranger like the mountain mist that presages the storm. Fear enveloped him, and I am convinced that therein far more than in his own person lay his power. Only when things had begun to totter from their inherent weakness could he exercise his might; but when that moment came his forests were well placed for assault against the land.

The established, more or less peaceful order of life in Mauretania began slowly to break up. The tribesmen on the Campagna (the lands below the cliffs) forsook their honor and ancient rules of conduct and became prowling hoodlums and murderers, concentrating their sav-

age, unspeakable attacks on the peaceful, prosperous landowners and unprotected travelers. To the lusty, uninhibited company of these roaming primitives slowly drifted various outcasts . . . "one met debtors threatened with arrest and scholars who had planted too shrewd a blow at a party, monks and a crew of vagabonds."

The reaction to all of this in the stable elements of Mauretanian society is concentrated in the narrator, a sensitive, highly intelligent botanist who labors night and day to keep alive some of the knowledge and wisdom which man has accumulated in his upward struggle from the primeval ooze. His, or, allegorically, society's, view of this growing unrest is a peculiar combination of detachment and weariness. Only too soon, however, it becomes obvious to everyone that the Chief Ranger is quite a bit more than just a forest lout with some vague desire for power. He has plans for everyone, everywhere, and his forces begin to infiltrate into the city itself.

He administered fear in small doses which he gradually increased, and which aimed at crippling resistance. The role he played in the disorders which were so finely spun in the heart of his woods was that

of a power for order; for while his agents of lower ranks, who had established themselves in the clans, fostered anarchy, the initiated penetrated into the civic offices and the magistracy, and there won the reputation of men of deeds who would bring the mob to its senses. Thus the Chief Ranger was like an evil doctor who first encourages the disease so that he may practise on the sufferer the surgery he has in mind.

What could be more descriptive of the tactics, known now to so many after the Hiss trials, of the Communists?

The soldiery suddenly came into prominence as protectors of the people against the growing menace from the Campagna. But for the soldiery — led by a good-natured but cunning oaf — to have wiped out the Ranger's rabble would have reduced it to its old inactive and statusless role; so naturally it played ball with the Ranger and kept alive its value both in the eyes of the menacing as well as the menaced.

THERE are several imaginative prophecies in the book. One is the discovery, by the narrator and his priest friend, of the place in the forests where the Ranger's people flayed and butchered and burned its victims *en masse*. It is called Köppels-Bleeck, but today we know it as

Buchenwald, Dachau, and Auschwitz.

Another prophecy concerns the suicide via a poisoned capsule of a man who strikingly resembles Goering. This man is called Braquemart, and he arrives symbolically on the scene with a young prince of the blood to investigate all the angles of the crisis. Juenger describes him — Goering and his ilk — most penetratingly as one of a group of men "whom we jokingly called tiger hunters because they are usually to be met in the course of adventures of an exotic nature."

Juenger's portrait of this archetype is not only remarkably accurate, borne out and filled in by later developments in Nazi history, but it is so beautifully written that it puts to rout any other writing on the same subject that I have read. "His was a cold, rootless intelligence," the narrator tells you, "and with it went a leaning to Utopias." "Creation had died in his heart, and he had reconstructed it like a mechanical toy."

As it actually happened in Germany, so, in Juenger's allegory, Braquemart and the young prince — representing the bewildered nobility and the free-lance dreamers — sought out the Chief Ranger in his forest lair

and were destroyed by him, Braquemart doing the Ranger's work for him by swallowing poison at the last moment.

Now the question must be resolved, once and for all; one must go after and root out evil in the form of the Ranger and his scum or be overwhelmed oneself, for no longer can such opposite ways of life coexist. So the narrator, and one of the last great clansmen and his men, plunge into the Ranger's forests.

They are, of course, annihilated, the battle being fought on the hoodlums' terms, but only after they have fought to the last man. Juenger's description of this final fight — a symbolic struggle between the finer elements in Germany and Hitler's vermin, or between the finest and the worst in Russia or Spain, wherever you wish to place the allegory — is indeed masterful. It demonstrates that up to a point realism in literature is fine enough, but that if the deepest truth is to be expressed, if universality is to be reached, metaphor must be employed.

Among the first of the forces of good to be eliminated in this forest massacre is a pack of finely bred windhounds. "It was doomed to be exterminated all the faster since it was of pedigree stock, which fights to the

death instead of giving ground." Their killers are a pack of huge black and red mastiffs — the SS bullies — which the Ranger had trained to kill men, for he considered them the finest game.

EXACTLY WHY *On the Marble Cliffs* (and similar European successes) have not been more widely read in America is something of a mystery. An offhand reason suggested by some might be that because it is an allegory it scares people away, Americans generally having a resistance to such literary words. It's silly for such a thing to happen, for an allegory can be as easy to read, and as immediately enjoyable, as the kind of imaginative fiction that is not cast in such a form. Look at the Bible, *Don Quixote*, *Alice in Wonderland*, most folk tales — all allegories.

A book like Juenger's (whether it is European or American) gets very little advertising, and I suspect that this, and not some esoteric literary question, is why it remains only slightly read. Big commercial publishing houses usually don't bring them out, because they don't fit into some kind of formula, so they are published by small literary houses (in this case New Directions) which have almost no money to promote them. (If by some fluke they are brought out

by a big house they often don't get advertised simply because the company doesn't think anybody would really want to read them; they added the book to their list merely for prestige.) The books published by such small literary firms frequently depend for their sales on word-of-mouth recommendations.

The irony, of course, the last laugh, is that books sold in such a way, surreptitiously, so to speak, are often the very ones that last in a literature, while who can remember all those masterpieces trumpeted in full page ads three weeks ago? Probably not even the people who wrote the ads.

THE TROUBLE was keeping the women away from the wire fence. We had about a thousand Germans in the camp. They were very tough babies. A lot of them had been in the Afrika Korps. The women would hang around outside the fence and try to talk to them. We kept telling them to stay away from the fence. We told them they'd get shot if they didn't. You couldn't tell. They might have tried to slip these guys guns or stuff. We warned one woman three times that she was getting too near the fence to talk to this guy. Maybe it was her husband. So the last time she got right up to the fence and one of the boys in the guard tower thought he would give her a scare. He yelled at her to get away from the fence. But she didn't move. She was a big blonde. Then he fired at the ground a couple of feet behind her. It was the goddamndest thing. The bullet hit a stone and ricocheted and hit her on the side of the head. It tore the whole side of her head away. Christ! I've never seen anything like it. He aimed behind her and it hit that stone. Christ! We didn't have any trouble with the women for quite a while after that. They all stayed back where we told them.

— C. B.

DOWN TO EARTH

Let's be beastly

BY ALAN DEVOE

IN A TIME when our species is caught in a tangle of anxieties, tensions and bewilderments such as never before in our history have afflicted us — and when, additionally, there are for the first time instruments that may at any instant translate this general bemused jumpiness into chain-explosions that could leave the planet to the exclusive possession of a few hardy bacteria and durable microscopic worms — in this gray, cold hour of The Hangman Cometh, we are all of us being extensively visited, so to speak, each of us in his private cell of alarm, by the Doctors of the Spirit.

The hour is very late. There have been no telephone calls from the Governor. This is the time when the Chaplain comes to talk to us.

And does he not. If five cents could be deposited in some governmental slot-box every time the word "spirit" or the word "spiritual" is spoken or written, these days, it would pay off the national debt before Easter. For a good many years, until recently, we have been accustomed to being harangued about spiritual values only on Sundays, if we go to church; or, if we don't go to church, only on Mondays by the "religious page" tucked to the rear of our newspaper. Except for an occasional old fellow in a beard and a bed-sheet, who may have come up to us in the street to fix us with a glittering eye and mutter "Repent, lest the Last Trumpet sound!", few have plucked at our sleeve and talked about the spirit. But now, as we

were saying, the hour is suddenly very late. We can all of us, peering out from our cell of dismay, perceive a gibbet-shadow not very far off. We can hear hammering. We don't hear from the Governor. What we do hear is the rumor — easily believable — that everybody in this whole universal jail has gone completely mad, and that now all we are waiting for is a general execution, with no let nor hindrance nor stopping until there shall be only silence. (Silence, that is, except of course for the tiny crinkle-crackle nibbling of the microscopic worm, or the stir of a bacterium.)

Was ever an hour so made to order for a Chaplain? He is not missing the opportunity.

Pick up any magazine — it needn't be the *Ecclesiastical Quarterly*; *Snappy Girlie Stories* may almost serve — and behold the kind of article that has become inescapable. *Let God Calm Your Nerves. How a Businessman Found Peace of Spirit. You and Your Soul. Ulcers? Try the Ten Commandments! The Lord is Mightier Than the Bomb.*

The Chaplains, all of a sudden, are everywhere, pad-padding up and down the corridors of our prison of despair, thrusting a tract into that cell, reading a Bible-verse to the fellow

whimpering in this one, whisking to the next tier with a rustle of clerical silk and a stern murmur of *Extra Ecclesiam non est Salus*. The planet in peril? Our every self in jeopardy? It was ever so. Fear not. The spirit endureth. Man is not as the beasts that perish, and the grass that withereth away. It is the spirit alone that matters. Come. Trust. Let us pray.

THERE CAN BE NO long-time reader of the MERCURY who will suppose that I think any of this scene is funny or contemptible. All naturalists are part hedge-priest; and any reader of mine knows that I am rather more so than most. The fact is, in my view, that the spirit *is* the only thing of much importance. There *is* a difference, permanent and unbridgeable, between the interior reality of a man and the interior reality of a mouse, and no word or concept expresses it better than the old, short one, *soul*. I don't believe this merely because I have a mystical fancy to, but because I have been studying comparative psychology with a certain rigourousness for some twenty years, and studying living mice and living men; and I believe in soul for very much the same sort of down-to-earth naturalist's reasons that make me believe in

sunrise. So altogether I'm the last man, obviously, to make a cheap mockery of all this throng of spiritual counselors, or try to raise a sneering materialist laugh at the expense of all this sudden tremendous concern with the spirit of man and its spiritual values. I think the counselors are giving some pretty good counsel. I think the spirit is as real as the mouse's whiskers, and the values of it inestimably precious.

However, I do have a certain quarrel to pick with the Chaplaincy, and I do want to say an objecting word to the legion of reverend faces peering in at my cell. (For what bearing it may have, if any, it might perhaps be remarked that the "cell" where this is written is a space under the snow-bowed branches of an enormous hemlock tree. It's eight degrees below zero on this glittering winter morning, and I came slogging up the mountain through the snow just after sunrise and found myself this bower in which to do some writing. I am companioned by about twenty chickadees and the world smells of hemlock needles and fresh snow. When I look up from my pad, out across the whitened upland fields, I can see the tracks where the foxes have been pattering during the moonlit night, seeking their

meat from God.)

The objection I have is this:

We human animals are simultaneously two kinds of organism. Part of us — and it's what makes us human — is rationality, insighted intelligence, capacity for abstraction. We can devise theologies, creeds, philosophies, structures of belief. Good enough. Fine. We can do it, and we ought to do it, and we ought to do it as intelligently and manfully as we are able. Right. But then there's the other part of us. That's animal, altogether animal.

Whatever else we are, we are certainly and aboriginally beasts. Male and female created He them. . . . yes; and created He them, from the very morning of the world, with bellies that love food, as fox bellies do, and with nostrils keen enough to smell the glories of the air, as deer nostrils do, and with a sensitively perceptive skin and with sharp ears and with subtle taste-buds on their tongues and with eyes that can mark the wonder of a red-tailed hawk disporting itself in the high sky. My reverend friends and spiritual counselors tell me that we make a fatal mistake to neglect our spirituality. I'm sure we do. But I'm also sure we make as dismal and dreadful a mistake to neglect our animality. "Take

heed for the spirit . . ." Yes indeed, by all means. But also, and for the love of God, let's be beastly.

A few days ago I had a shocking experience. I was being visited (it's not a sort of thing that happens very often in a naturalist's life like mine) by an eminent Anglican clergyman. You have seen his name in the papers. He is eloquent about the wrongs of divorce, and downright scarifying on the subject of damnation, and altogether he makes quite a lot of lively copy. He's a good fellow, and he seemed heartily robust, so I took him out for a walk. It was one of those winter days of such piercing and poignant splendor that even a truckdriver might have been pardoned for stopping in his tracks and bursting into tears from the sheer stress of the glory of being alive. My reverend friend and I were piffing away about some abstrusity in Thomas Aquinas or some such thing when all of a sudden there whirled around our heads a flock of the rare and breath-taking birds called pine grosbeaks. In the abrupt, fantastic way of grosbeaks, they veered and settled among branches near us, and the sun played on their delicately rose-brown featherings, and they burst into their lovely murmur of trills and war-

blings. I stood perfectly still.

"Look!"

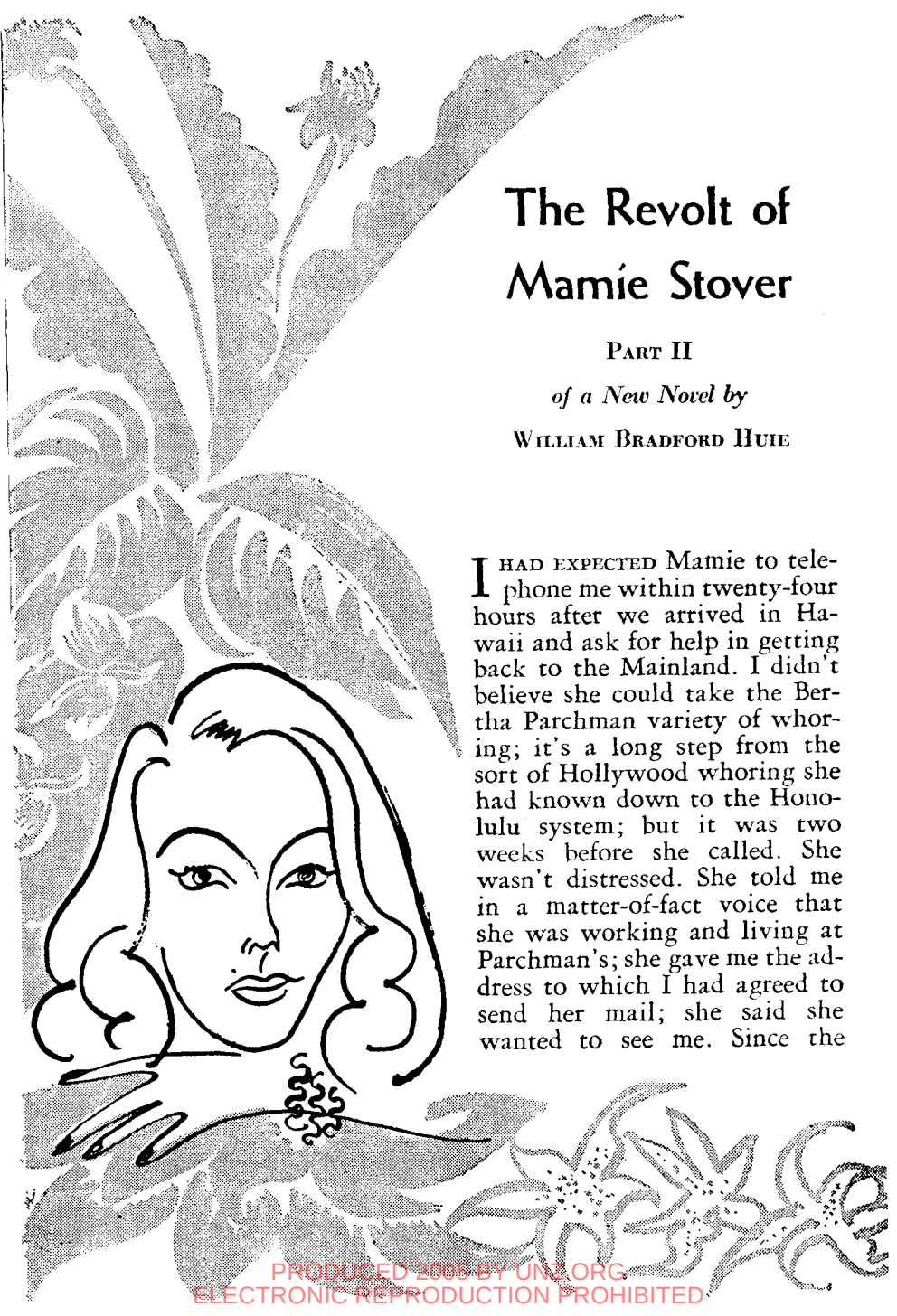
"Eh? Hmmm?" said our cleric.

"The *birds*," said I.

"Oh? Oh yes. Why so they are. Birds. Now, Thomas Aquinas, I have always felt . . ."

A while later we entered a pine-grove, and the scent of the resin, in the cold clear air, was such a blessing as scarcely any of us can deserve. The Doctor of Divinity didn't notice it. He didn't notice the blues on the snow, either, when we were walking home. The muskrat in the icy creek plunged and whoofled and praised God without catching his eye. The sky burned ice-blue in vain, the buds of next spring's maples spread and patterned themselves against the burning sky in vain, the world of being was held miraculously in existence and wrought to such a perfection that God, so to put it, was fairly clouting all His sons and daughters over the head with the quivering glory of the thing . . . and what response? "Eh?"

That's what I mean. The primary gift we get from the Giver is an *animal* gift; and if there's going to be anything worth calling spirituality it had better have the animality in it; and it had better have it there, most solemnly speaking, for the love of God.



The Revolt of Mamie Stover

PART II

of a New Novel by

WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

I HAD EXPECTED Mamie to telephone me within twenty-four hours after we arrived in Hawaii and ask for help in getting back to the Mainland. I didn't believe she could take the Bertha Parchman variety of whoring; it's a long step from the sort of Hollywood whoring she had known down to the Honolulu system; but it was two weeks before she called. She wasn't distressed. She told me in a matter-of-fact voice that she was working and living at Parchman's; she gave me the address to which I had agreed to send her mail; she said she wanted to see me. Since the

Thirteen Articles governing prostitution in Hawaii wouldn't allow her to come to my place, would I come down to hers? I told her I had guests but I would come as soon as they left.

"Just ask for Mamie," she said. "And pretend you've never seen me."

About two weeks later, around midnight, I drove down to see her. I carried her first letter. Postmarked Leesburg, Mississippi, it was addressed in pencil to Mrs. James Monroe Madison. I hadn't seen that name on an envelope since Les' mail had quit catching up with me. I realized that perhaps I had agreed too hastily to let Mamie use my name with her family. Handling her mail might become a distasteful chore as it wouldn't be a simple matter of forwarding. Each letter would have to be re-mailed, in a new envelope, to Mamie Stover, care of Bertha Parchman. I wouldn't want envelopes addressed to my wife lying around a brothel.

Parchman's house was a big, two-story yellow stucco built around a patio. A Japanese maid opened the latticed front door and let me into a large, softly-lighted reception room. The room was decorated in the warm colors of the tropics: soft green walls; yellow curtains; red covers on the *punees*; bright-

colored cushions; tables in white mahogany and bamboo. On the walls were nudes in South Seas settings; flesh-tinted mirrors; tropical beach scenes. The room opening off to the right was another waiting and drinking room with a bamboo bar behind which labored a Filipino bartender. The room opening off to the left was the show room characterized as always by the circular ottoman in the center which served as the stage for the actors. Scattered about these three rooms were perhaps forty men — soldiers, sailors, seamen, vacationers — drinking and talking with several girls.

Bertha Parchman greeted me firmly but pleasantly. Sixty-odd and heavy, she was attired more simply than the typical madam. Her plain, white suit was expensive, but she wore no jewels except the three strands of pigeon's blood coral beads around her fleshy throat. She was not as ugly as Marie Dressler but she reminded me of that pugnacious soul. She had the same calculating eye, the same obvious talent for survival. I had heard that she came to the islands as the wife of a sea captain from Boston, but the captain soon drank himself out of the picture and left her with two small sons. Now the sons were a doctor and lawyer on the

Mainland and Bertha was worth a fortune.

"You haven't been here before," she said. She had a fabulous memory for faces; she boasted that no man ever entered her door a second time without her recognizing him.

"No," I said, "I haven't. This is my first visit. I understand you have a girl named Mamie. I'd like to see her."

"Mamie is here but you'll have to wait for her. Will you wait or would you like to look over some of the other girls?"

"I'll wait."

"Mamie's fee is ten dollars."

The house was a regular five-dollar house, and only the star attractions were offered at ten.

"How much is she for — for an hour and a half?"

"An hour and a half?" She cocked her business eye at me and I knew she was thinking that I didn't look like the sort of man who would want — or need — an hour and a half with Mamie. She would like to have quipped: "What, sir, are you going to do with the other eighty minutes?" But Bertha Parchman hadn't made a fortune by shattering male vanity. She said: "This is a busy night and Mamie is the most popular girl in Hawaii. But . . ." she lowered her voice, "since you are the sort who will appreciate

Mamie, you may pay twenty-five dollars and stay with her as long as you like."

I PAID THE money and walked out into the patio. Other men were sitting at the outdoor tables drinking, waiting. An Hawaiian guitarist was playing and chanting softly, and a Polynesian girl was dancing a hula. I sat down and a boy brought me brandy.

The patio was surrounded on three sides by the house and on the fourth side by a nine-foot wall. Apparently all the bedrooms opened onto the patio, for I could count eight doors on the ground floor and eight more doors which opened onto the gallery on the second floor. A tiny yellow light burned at each door and under each light was a card with the girl's name. I wondered which door was Mamie's and whether or not it had a star on it.

The "wait" is an important element of whorehouse mechanics. Every madam knows the trick of telling a man that the girl he wants is "busy" and making him wait. It is, of course, one method for shunting business to the less popular girls, and there is the economics of selling a drink or so while he waits. But there is even more to it. The wait serves the pur-

pose of increasing the customer's desire, thus reducing the length of time he will monopolize the girl when he gets her. You'd think that the information that the girl he wants is "busy" would cool a man's desire. Yet, actually, his sitting and waiting and drinking and looking up at the door behind which the object of his desire is "busy" only increases his desire for her.

By the time I had finished my brandy a Japanese servant tapped me on the shoulder and led me upstairs and along the gallery to the last door on that side of the house. On the card under the light I read:

FLAMING MAMIE OF HOLLYWOOD
THE MOST GORGEOUS BLONDE
IN THE ISLANDS

Mamie was halfway through her greeting routine before she recognized me. The routine was designed to give every customer a sudden, hard wallop below the belt. As you opened the door the first thing you saw was this voluptuous, long-legged figure towering on built-up heels in the exact center of the room. The one light was behind her, and since she wore only a black lace wrapper tassellated from the hips down, everything she had seemed to be hurled at you by the lighting arrangement.

And with that yellow hair coiling down onto her shoulders and with those really astonishing breasts, Miss Cotton from Mississippi was a jolt, all right, to most any man.

Her first line was: "Come in, honey, and come heah to me!"

She recognized me halfway through the line and broke off as I chuckled. "Relax, Mamie," I said. "I've seen the merchandise before. But it still looks good."

"You shouldn't have surprised me like this," she said. She seemed to be irritated or embarrassed for a moment for she went to the closet and put on a slightly more modest wrapper.

"Your build-up is terrific," I said. "I'll have to give Bertha credit as a director. Hollywood could use her."

"Can't we skip the sarcasm tonight?" Mamie said. There was a tension between us which she seemed anxious to break. "What did you tell Bertha? How much time do we have?"

"I paid Bertha twenty-five dollars and she stopped your clock. Your buzzer won't be ringing any more tonight."

She was pleased. She sat down and lighted a cigaret. "Let's have something to drink then." She pushed a bell and a servant brought a bottle of brandy.

"I'm glad you've come. God, it took you long enough. For ten days every time a man opened that door I've been expecting to see you."

"I waited for your mail."

I pulled the letter out of my pocket and handed it to her, then I sat on the couch while she read it. The room was the size of a small hotel room. The wall next to the couch was covered by a tinted mirror as was the ceiling over the couch. The couch was like a large Hollywood bed — a type known in Hawaii as a *bikiee*. It was covered in dark red cotton and the pillows were a deep yellow. There were luahala mats on the floor, bamboo chairs and a table, a white mahogany chest of drawers, copies of screen magazines, a clothes closet, framed, colored photographs of nude white women on the walls; and behind an Oriental screen in one corner was the running water — a lavatory and a bidet — with the towels and soaps, the syringes and douche bags, and all the ointments, unguents and lubricants of the profession.

WHEN SHE had finished reading the letter she looked up at me and said: "My mother and father send you their love. Our marriage has made them very happy, especially since you

are a rich man. They are glad that I am going to have everything — a home and a family and servants and money. They hope you'll be generous with me — and with them."

I didn't say anything. We just looked at one another for a while. Then she got up and began striding about on her long legs.

"Jim," she began — before she had always called me Jimmie, "I want to get something straight with you." She was speaking low and earnestly, as though she had practiced what she was about to say. "I want to find out if you can be my friend. I've found out that you are the one man I've met in the world who can help me and make me feel good. I can talk to you . . . and somehow I can feel close to you. I don't feel alone when I'm with you, or when I know I'm gonna see you. I want to see if there ain't some way in which you and me can continue to be friends. I want to see if you are willing just to let me meet you once in a while so we can talk.

"I'm serious as hell, Jim," she continued, "and I want you to be serious with me. I understand the situation. I'm a whore now, a Honolulu whore. I don't like it but it's the only way left for me to get what I want.

Okay, I'm a whore and I've got no further apologies. Now you — you aren't a whore. You're a high-class guy. What's more, you're a genuine high-class guy. You're not a boulevard phoney. You've been decent to me and I want you for a friend."

I started to answer but she had another point to make.

"Now don't tell me that you can," she said, "if you regard me as something dirty. I couldn't stand to be around you if I felt that you feel that I am something unclean . . . that you have to wash your hands in Clorox after touching me. And I don't want your sympathy. I don't want you to try to be my friend if you're gonna feel like a Salvation Army sergeant when you come to see me."

I had lighted my pipe. "Sit down, Mamie," I said, "and I'll try to answer you as honestly as you've put the question. In the first place I don't regard you as poor or downtrodden or as one who particularly deserves sympathy. I think you made a foolish choice, coming here to Bertha's, but I don't sit in judgment on other people. The fact that you chose to become a whore doesn't mean that I despise you or that I never want to see you again. I understand you. I understand how you could make the choice you

made. I spent time with you on the ship just because I was interested in you as a human being. I came here tonight because I'm interested in Mamie Stover, an individual from Mississippi whom I happen to know, and for no other reason."

"Does that mean that you are willing to see me — say for two or three hours — as often as once a month?"

"Sure. Except that, as you know, I'm often gone from Hawaii as much as two or three months at a time."

"Yeah, I know. And there are troubles for me, too. I have to be awful careful with the cops now while I'm getting started. If I meet you anywhere but here we'll have to be sure nobody sees us. If Bertha found out I was meeting a man on the outside, or if she knew I had a friend like you — well, she won't find it out. And you'll see that I know how to be a good friend; you'll never be sorry of being a friend to me. Let's drink to our friendship."

After we had drunk and poured another round of brandy, she said: "Now, Jimmie" — it was Jimmie again — "I want to show you the only good thing about this business." She went to the chest of drawers, dug out a bulging black pocket-book, and came and sat on the

couch with me. "There's nothing in this pocketbook but money," she said. "Let's count it." The pocketbook flew open as she sprang the latch. Greenbacks had been stuffed into it by the handful, and she began pulling them out as one might pull the cotton stuffing out of a hard mattress. In denominations of one to twenty dollars the bills made an impressive pile in the middle of the red couch.

"You know what that is?" she said. "That's more money than my father ever made in a year. It's more money than I ever saw before. Yet it's just one month's income for me — working only twenty-two days — and I've just begun."

We sorted the bills and counted them and they came to \$1,344.

"That's for 224 tricks at six dollars a trick. Bertha says that ten dollars is as much as she can charge for me and still get a volume play. She keeps four dollars and gives me six. Usually the split is fifty-fifty, but Bertha says she will give me a better break until I can get on my feet. Bertha says I ought to average ten tricks a day at ten dollars — and 220 tricks a month — and I've reached that the first month."

"Is that what you call it —

a 'trick?' "

"Yeah. In Hollywood they called it 'having a date' or 'having a party.' Out here they call it 'turning a trick.' Or some girls call it 'wetting a towel.' Another girl'll ask you: 'How many tricks you turned today, honey?' or 'How many towels'd you wet yesterday?' "

"Twenty-five tricks in one day is rather fatiguing, isn't it?"

"So's dancing. So's sewing for other people like my mother does — for nothing. So's anything you have to do to get rich."

"What about expenses?"

"They aren't heavy. I pay the doctor five dollars a week. I tip the niggers a little. This month I've spent about a hundred dollars on cosmetics and clothes. I've paid everything so far out of that money you gave me and out of the tips that a few of them leave."

"Now here's the business I want to discuss with you," she went on. "I want you to take all this money and I want you to keep it for me. I want you to keep every dollar I make and when there is enough I want you to invest it for me."

I shook my head. "I appreciate your confidence, Mamie, but that's impossible."

"Why?"

"Well, there are several reasons. If I deposited it in the bank I'd have to show where I got it. Then I'd have to pay a lot of it in taxes."

Her feathers dropped. "I'd forgotten about taxes," she said.

"You'd better remember them. When you start getting rich now, you have to consider taxes."

"You can put it in a safe somewhere then?"

"If I put it in my safe deposit box and then die suddenly, where is your money?"

She thought that over for a moment, then said: "It's a risk I'll take if you will. Here's the situation for me. Most of these girls don't save any money. We aren't supposed to save any. We're supposed to just keep it around and spend it — easy come, easy go. One of the Thirteen Articles says we can't send money to the Mainland without the madam's permission, and I don't want to discuss my business or my folks with Bertha. She told me to stay away from banks; if I go around a bank I attract attention. She told me if I bought a money order she'd hear about it. So the other girls just throw their money away, or they sneak around and see some man on their off days and he gets it. I

want to save mine, and I want you to help me."

IT WAS A foolish thing to do, I but, what-the-hell, it seemed little enough. There was the money piled on the couch and all she wanted was for me to take it and keep it. I had plenty of room in my bank box; it wouldn't be much trouble. But when I agreed she had further requests.

"I want to send my folks five hundred dollars," she said, "but I can't buy a big money order without violating the Articles and attracting attention. So I've written this letter and addressed it and stamped it and everything, and all I want you to do is put your check in it for five hundred dollars made out to Mrs. Leona Stover, then mail it. And you just take five hundred dollars out of my cash."

I lighted my pipe again and grinned. "How long did it take you to figure that one out, Mamie? One way or another you seem determined to get me in jail. And, of course, you're telling your folks that the money comes from your rich, generous husband and you enclose my personal check to prove it."

She nodded. "It can't hurt you. You're just cashing a check for five hundred dollars.

And it'll make them feel good. You'll do it, won't you?"

I didn't like to do it. Now she was making me a party to the lie she was telling her folks. But her intentions seemed to be decent, so I said: "Okay, I'll buy that one, too — this once."

I stayed with her most of the night. She was full of talk and plans, and we lay on the couch and drank while she talked and I listened.

She told me about her first day with Bertha Parchman. After meeting her on the dock, Bertha had brought her to her office.

Bertha had drilled Mamie on the Thirteen Articles.

"If you aren't willing to follow these rules," Bertha said, "you better tell me now. If you're the kind that's got to have your freedom; if you've got to have your men on the outside; if you want to go poking your nose over where you don't belong; if you want to try to chisel with some two-bit taxi driver; or if you're not willing to do what I tell you, then you don't belong here. And get this straight. In Hollywood you learned that if you cross some big shot you're gonna get hurt. You can remember that every time you look in the mirror. The law don't mean nothing.

Out here it means even less. Out here the law to you is just me and Pistol Adkins — he's the chief of the Vice Squad. If you work with me and do as I say, okay, you can have all the money you want. You can make thousands. You'll live good and have plenty of clothes. But if you get out of line you'll get hurt a lot worse than you did in Hollywood. Understand?"

The only time Mamie got mad was when she told me about the cops, particularly about Pistol Adkins.

"He's the one sonofabitch I hate around here," she said. "He thinks he owns us. He uses his fists and his rubber hose on the girls who buck the Thirteen Articles. He came to see me on the second day and searched my things and preached to me about staying away from men on the outside and about staying out of restaurants and about staying away from Waikiki. That night he came back to see me. He has to break in all the new girls — free. The girls call him Hitler. We hate him.

"You see," she explained, "if it wasn't for these cops and the Thirteen Articles I could have a pretty good life out here. The work isn't hard. I get one day off each week and five days off on the fourth week. And even

on the days I work — except maybe on the weekends — I have time to go to the beach or to a movie. I usually go to sleep about three o'clock in the morning. I get up around noon and have breakfast. Then I can go out to Kailua and swim or I can go shopping or to a movie, just so I'm back by four. Around 4:30 or 5:00 the customers start drifting in, and I usually turn two or three tricks before dinner.

"The trouble is not the amount of work I have to do; it's just that I'm not allowed to have any place of my own. I have to live right here in this house all the time. I have plenty of spare time, but what can I do with it? I'm not supposed to have any outside friends. I'm not supposed to go where decent white people are. I'm not supposed to want to eat a decent meal or to sun myself on a decent beach. I'm supposed to stay right in this house and sleep in the same goddam bed I work in! It ain't fair!"

MAMIE HAD BEEN in Hawaii a year when she made her first visit to my house on the hilltop. It was in May, 1940, and I had been away, to Hollywood and New York, so I hadn't seen her for four months.

Each month, from that first

month on, she had faithfully, even eagerly, delivered her money to me. While I was at home I had continued to visit her at Parchman's once a month, and each visit had been like the first: I delivered her mail, I drank and talked with her, I listened to her plans, and I left with her money.

My traveling had presented the problem of how she was to continue transferring the money to me. I had urged her again to keep it herself. I had pointed out that, with the war, I'd be away even more than usual, and what if a ship sank or an airplane fell? To this she had turned an impatient ear; I was the only person in Hawaii whom she could trust; without my help her money would be stolen and all her efforts for wealth would be defeated.

On her off days Mamie couldn't take a taxicab to Pacific Heights — the Heights were forbidden to her — but she could go to Kailua Beach to swim. So, while I was gone, once each month she telephoned my house, and my servant Ito then took the automobile and parked it near a certain spot at Kailua. Because Mamie couldn't risk being seen talking with a Japanese, Ito then got out of the car and walked away, but kept an eye over his shoulder.

Mamie located the car, took her mail from the front seat, and slipped a fat manila envelope under the seat. Ito then drove back to the hilltop and hid the envelope in the house.

When I returned and found that the plan had been working satisfactorily, I considered not going to Parchman's again but having Mamie come to the hilltop. This would mean some risk to her, but I thought the risk was small and I was tired of going to Parchman's. A visit there depressed me. In truth, I suppose, I was growing restive under the demands of Mamie's friendship. I would like to have broken off with her, but I couldn't think of a decent excuse for doing so.

But did I have the right to bring Mamie Stover to my house? In Hawaii I was not a traveling man living in a hotel room; I was a home owner living in a home. I was a part of a community; I had friendly neighbors whom I respected and who respected me. My neighbors approved the Thirteen Articles; they believed in the propriety of segregation; they supported the Hawaiian system. I often criticized the Hawaiian system, but I lived under it in peace and comfort and prosperity. When I considered bringing Mamie Stover to

my house, in decency I had to consider my neighbors.

I decided to invite Mamie anyway, not in defiance of my neighbors nor in defiance of the Hawaiian system; I decided to invite her because — well, because a man is first of all an individual: only secondarily is he a member of a community.

When Mamie telephoned I told her that, instead of my coming to Parchman's, I wanted her to come to see me. She could meet Ito at Kailua at 5:00 P.M. just as she had been doing, but this time she could slip into the back seat, lie down on the floor, and let Ito drive her to the hilltop. She hesitated — she was weighing Pistol Adkins's rubber truncheon — but she was so pleased at the prospect of visiting the Heights that she couldn't refuse.

WHEN MAMIE arrived that afternoon she was wearing beach clothes — a blue-and-white-striped play suit with a wrap-around skirt — but she had a dress in a make-up bag, and after I had greeted her I showed her into a bedroom to change. And there on the bed she found a pile of those varicolored, expensive-looking boxes in which fashionable women's wear is packed. I had brought her three complete out-

fits from Bergdorf-Goodman in New York.

I had paid \$1,648 for them; but they were not a gift; I had used Mamie's money; she had supplied the measurements and asked me to buy them if I could find the time. All I had done was discuss them with a shopper over the telephone.

Mamie was delighted. She preened for an hour. She bathed and put on nothing but new clothes from the skin out. She tried on each of the outfits and came into the yard to show it to me. She wanted to believe that I had personally selected the clothes, so I didn't deny it. She looked extremely healthy and self-confident, and when she settled on the draped aqua dinner dress and came and sat with me and began talking in her soft, low voice, I found it difficult to remember that she was Flaming Mamie.

"It's beautiful up here," she said, "looking down on everything. You know I've been on this island a year, but this is the first home I've visited. I know just four places in Hawaii — Bertha's, the movies, the Hotel Street stores and Kailua Beach."

"You're in the business of getting rich," I said. "People who are determined to get rich seldom have time to go visiting."

"I have the time; I just don't have the opportunity. But I could own a home like this. How much does it cost?"

"Not a great deal. The site, the house, and the furnishings cost about twenty-five thousand dollars. They represent my fortune — all I've been able to accumulate. The operating expenses, including my car and the servant, are about five thousand a year."

"I could afford that — if the bosses of this town would let me. I could have a home like this, and a Buick car and a Jap chauffeur. At four o'clock in the afternoon I could drive down to Bertha's to work — just like anybody else goes to work. Then about three in the morning I could drive back home. On my off days I could live at home decently and entertain my friends. But the Thirteen Articles won't let me have a home or a car or even a single room. They force me to live in a warehouse and to sleep in the same bed I work in. It's not fair, is it?"

"I don't know, Mamie," I said. "I don't know whether it's fair or not."

"But it's not this way anywhere else. In Hollywood anybody who's got the money can buy any house he wants. Nobody cares how you get your

money — just so you got it. Why should it be any different out here? This is part of America, ain't it?"

"Well, this is a small island, and maybe it should be different from Hollywood. The respectables are still in control here."

During our dinner on the porch I told her something about where I had been, and about the war; and she told me that the war was helping her business.

"There are a lot of construction men coming out from the Mainland," she said. "They are building airfields and docks on all these islands. And there are more shipyard workers and more soldiers and sailors. If war really starts out here like they say it will, we'll have to line our customers up in the street."

"I noticed your earnings have taken quite a jump."

"Sure. Then I'm getting more repeat business than anybody ever got at Bertha's. And Bertha likes me. She likes me because I stay on the job and don't get drunk. I'm a good attraction for the house. At the end of my first six months she raised my part of the split from six dollars to \$6.50. And now I'm averaging twenty men a day, twenty-two days a month. That gives me \$130 a night and about three thousand dollars a

month."

After dinner I handed her a detailed accounting of her money. It added up to twenty-two thousand dollars. Earlier that day I had removed the money from my bank box in order to show it to her. I hoped she'd take it and leave Hawaii. The money made a packet about the size of a brick: there were 220 brand-new hundred-dollar bills, three twenties, a ten, a five and a one.

She sucked in her breath as I handed her the packet.

"Is this a lot of money?" she asked.

"It took me almost ten years to accumulate that much," I said. "No star in Hollywood will save that much this year out of a salary. So I'd say, yes, that's a lot of money."

SHE held the money in her lap and continued to riffle the bills. "Let me give you some advice, Mamie," I said. "A year ago you told me that if you had five thousand dollars you could go back and have a real chance. Now you have twenty thousand. So why don't you take your new money and your new clothes and get on an airplane and forget that you've ever been in Hawaii. Go back to Mississippi. Tell your folks that your husband died and left you

some insurance. Get your scar repaired. Just close the book on your Hollywood and Honolulu chapters and start fresh where you were four years ago."

She shook her head. "Mississippi is a million miles from me now, Jimmie," she said. "I don't even know the girl I was four years ago. I couldn't go back if I wanted to — and I don't want to. I've just started to make money. I'm gonna make a pile of it, and I'm gonna have a house in Hawaii."

"Maybe you can get the money, but you'll never get out of Iwilei."

"I think I will," she said. "Nothing is impossible if you've got a million dollars. If you'll help me I can make a million easy in the next few years." She pulled her chair closer to mine. "Listen, Jimmie, I know how to make money. You make money by first getting a little bit and then by betting all you've got at the right time. I've got a hunch that this is the right time. I've got a hunch the war is coming out here, and when it does everything will go double, triple, ten times what it's worth now. All we've got to do is just buy property — and keep buying property."

"But you can't buy property, Mamie," I reminded her.

"No prostitute has ever owned property in Hawaii."

"I can't but you can. I'll make the money and you bet it, and we'll have a million dollars before this war is over."

"I can't help you there, Mamie," I said. "I like to play a little poker or bet five dollars on a horse race, but trying to get rich by speculating is a full-time job I don't want."

She continued trying to persuade me. She told me about seeing *For Sale* signs on a small apartment building and on a Japanese store building. She said she had been spending her off days walking everywhere, looking for *For Sale* signs. Finally I made a suggestion.

"What you need is a corporation. You need to find some reliable lawyer who's trying to get started out here and incorporate with him. Then let your corporation bet your money on whatever you like."

She was surprised. "You mean I'm big enough to be a corporation!"

"Sure. Twenty thousand dollars is more than most of these corporations had when they started out here."

For an hour then she questioned me and I explained what little I know about corporations. I told her it costs very little to form one — a hundred

dollars or so; that it takes three people but at least one of the three is often a dummy; that the three incorporators usually compose the board of directors and make all decisions; and that, once chartered, a corporation can engage in almost any sort of business.

"How could I keep the lawyer from stealing my money?" she asked.

"Well, you could give him ten per cent of the stock and take the rest for you and your dummy. You and the dummy would control the board of directors. You'd be president; your dummy would be vice president; the lawyer would be secretary. Then you could deposit the money to the corporation's account in a bank and let the corporation's checks be good only when signed by you. In that way you could draw out the money whenever you liked, but the lawyer could spend nothing without your approval."

"Wouldn't my name on a check get me in trouble? How could I keep the police from learning that I was violating the Thirteen Articles by buying property?"

"There'd be some risk," I said. "They might find you out. But I'd say that if a little corporation's papers were recorded

out here — or in California or Delaware — showing one M. L. Stover as one of three incorporators, the people who watch such developments wouldn't get excited. And if your lawyer did the banking, your name on a check, possibly along with his, wouldn't attract much attention."

"Don't corporations pay taxes?"

"Yes, but not like individuals. Lawyers can do all sorts of tricks with corporation taxes. All the people in Hollywood who save money form corporations. Bing Crosby . . . Gene Autry . . . Mary Pickford. It gives their lawyers a chance to manipulate taxes."

"Where do we get the lawyer? Will your lawyer do it?"

"Compton Blair?" I laughed. "No, of course not. Compton is a corporation lawyer, and a snob. You'll have to go down where the offices are crummy and find a sonofabitch who worked his way through some state university to represent you."

That frightened her. "A shy-ster! I can't trust a shy-ster! You ought to hear the girls talk about what shysters have done to 'em!"

"You don't trust him," I said. "You watch him like a hawk watches a chicken. But

sometimes, even among the crummy offices, you find a lawyer who'll shoot square with you. Have you ever heard the girls mention a chap named Albert Rush?"

"I believe I have," she said. "I believe he's the one who got Kitty's divorce for her."

I told her I saw Rush on the beach every now and then. He seemed like a decent fellow. He was from the Northwest, had worked his way through some little law school, had kicked around the lumber camps, had settled in Honolulu around 1935. He hadn't been able to get any big clients, but apparently he was getting enough little ones to live.

"Rush might be the person you are looking for," I said.

MAMIE got up and walked around. She was troubled.

"Jimmie," she said, "you aren't trying to get rid of me, are you? You aren't tired of seeing me, of being my friend?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Because you keep talking about what me and a lawyer can do in a corporation. I get the feeling that you might like the corporation if it would rid you of me and my money and my plans. Is that the truth?"

I felt annoyed. "No, it isn't the truth, Mamie. I'm inter-

ested in you. I've always been willing to help you. It's just that there is a war going on in the world — and to me Hawaii isn't a place to try to get rich. I come here to be at home and to live quietly and to think and work. So I naturally resist being involved in any business."

She sat on the floor and put her arms in my lap and stroked my leg and looked at me. "I think I understand," she said. "I just want to feel that you are still with me, Jimmie. Whatever happens, I don't want to get away from you. I like to feel that we're friends, that you'll help me and I can help you. The corporation idea sounds wonderful. But can't you see that I can't do it unless you'll help? If you'll go with me, if you'll handle things with the lawyer, if you'll have the stock in your name — then I can do anything."

"All right," I said, "I tell you what I'll do. I won't invest a dollar for you. I won't have any part in the corporation. But I will talk with Rush. If he seems satisfactory and is interested, I'll introduce you to him. But I'll have no responsibility as to what the corporation does."

"But you will help me — and advise me?"

I threw back my head and

laughed. "Me advise you, Mamie! Everything I've advised you to do you've done just the opposite." She laughed, too.

She looked better at that moment than I had ever seen her; and obviously she felt better. But suddenly she noticed her watch. It was five minutes after ten; the Articles required her to be back in the brothel by 10:30; we'd have to speed to get there. I'll never forget the look that

came over her face. One part of it was resentment: she resented the curfew. Another part was pique: she was piqued at me for having entertained a virtuoso at dinner and then let the time expire without graciously inviting her to play.

In the next few days I brought Albert Rush and Mamie together, and they formed a corporation. It was called New Deal Enterprises, Inc.

(Part III of The Revolt of Mamie Stover will appear in the next issue.)

"The United States . . . must not be incapacitated by its Constitution to prepare for defence before it is actually invaded. The ceremony of a formal declaration of war has fallen into disuse; yet here we are being committed to receiving the blow before we can even prepare for it. (We must) . . . anticipate distant danger, and meet the gathering storm. We must (not) expose our property and our liberty to the mercy of foreign invaders, and invite them by our weakness to seize the naked and defenceless prey."

— HAMILTON in *The Federalist*.

Draughts of Old Bourbon



Is Drew Pearson A Sonofabitch?

Since such various authorities as the President of the United States and the Hon. Joseph R. McCarthy have proclaimed publicly that Drew Pearson is a sonofabitch — and the opinion is reported to be spreading — some intellectual inquiry into the matter is indicated. Indeed, there are now said to be so many sonsofbitches in the country, concentrated in Washington, that there must be scholarly effort to establish the current definition as well as rules of applicability for the epithet.

Using Pearson's case as the

one in which there seems to be the most considerable area of agreement, any inquiry must take three courses: 1) what, now, is a nationally acceptable definition of a sonofabitch? 2) are Truman and McCarthy qualified judges of sonsofbitches? and, if so, 3) does Pearson qualify as a specimen of the authentic American variety?

There is a division of scholarly opinion as to prevalence today. The Middle Western Theory is that the percentage, countrywise, is no greater than it ever was: that airplanes plus the radio and, particularly television, have just enabled the ornery rascals to so disport

themselves that they impress us as being more prevalent.

The Southern Theory holds that prevalence is actually increasing. There is argument as to causes: the long tenure of the New Deal, baby spacing, the giving of the vote to women — which may have contributed to the infliction of Eleanor Roosevelt, relaxation of the immigration laws, creation of the United Nations on American soil — that all these have resulted in greater prevalence. Such recognized Southern judges as the Hon. Cordell Hull and John Nance Garner are said to support the Southern Theory, and they point to Washington, Los Angeles, and Cambridge, Mass., as the principal centers of infestation.

Other scholars insist, however, that the impression of greater prevalence is only the result of our inflation in epithets. It's like the currency. Just as two-bits used to be big money, so did *liar* used to be a damaging epithet. A man could get shot dead in Texas for calling a man a liar. But today lying has become a mark of distinction. The late Wendell Willkie testified before Congress that political lying was now an accepted ethic; and the late Franklin Roosevelt agreed. Westbrook Pegler, a student of epithetol-

ogy, has called Pearson seventeen different types of liar in print, and Pearson, for publicity purposes, has filed suit; but all Pegler's efforts to induce Pearson to come into court have been futile.

If Pearson can prove that Pegler has libeled him, Pearson can collect a million dollars from Pegler and his newspapers. Pearson has sued Pegler; Pegler is daring Pearson to come into court; but Pearson can't find the time. Pearson boasts that if only McCarthy would repeat his charges outside the Senate, Pearson would sue him! Then why doesn't Pearson press the Pegler suit; Pegler has more money than McCarthy. And why doesn't Pearson sue Truman, who stood in an open banquet hall, with no immunity, and called Pearson a "lying son-ofabitch"?

There is a famous courtroom story told in Alabama about a man who was sued for slander for calling another man "a lying, thieving sonofabitch." The defendant in the suit asked a lawyer to defend him.

"There are only two defenses against slander," the lawyer said. "One is that you didn't say it. Can we prove you didn't say it?"

"I guess not," the defendant admitted. "Several reputable

citizens heard me call him that, and he'll bring them into court."

"The only other defense," the lawyer went on, "is to prove it's the truth. Can we prove it?"

The defendant scratched his head: "Well, I think we can prove he's a liar, and I know we can prove he's a thief. But I don't know about the other."

"I'll take the case," the lawyer said. "Any man who can be proved a liar or a thief can also be proved a sonofabitch."

As the trial proceeded, the defense introduced evidence that the plaintiff had been a liar from childhood, then produced records that he had been arrested twice for larceny. As his final witness the defense counsel stood up and called one John Carter.

There was a stir in the courtroom. Mr. Carter, a six-foot-tall stranger wearing sidearms, opened the door and strode to the witness stand.

"Mr. Carter," defense counsel began, "where do you come from?"

"I'm from Texas."

"And will you tell the court what your business is, Mr. Carter?"

"I'm a judge o' sonso'bitches!

"You mean you make a profession of it?"

"That's right. That's my business. Been at it all my life.

Out in Texas we got a lot of 'em, and my business is knowing how to spot 'em. I can spot one a mile away on a clear day."

"Well, Mr. Carter," the defense counsel said, "now that you have been qualified as an expert in your field, I'll ask the plaintiff to rise." The plaintiff was reluctantly pushed to his feet. "Now, Mr. Carter, I'll ask you to scrutinize this man carefully and give the court your expert judgment."

Carter gazed at the plaintiff for a moment, then turned to the jury: "Gentlemen, he's a sonofabitch if I ever saw one!"

That story, repeated across the South for a hundred years, has contributed to a general assumption that if you can prove a man a liar — a "contrivin' liar," that is, not just a "repeatin' liar" — or if you can prove him a thief, then you can also prove the other.

However, the judges must be competent; and, in Pearson's case, the most vociferous judges are Truman and McCarthy. Truman's qualifications are impressive. He has had unlimited opportunity for observation: the Pendergast gang, years in the National Guard and the American Legion, Washington under the New Deal, the White House, and at Potsdam Truman spent

four days with one of the biggest sonsofbitches in the history of the world. Then, too, Truman wears heavy magnifying glasses: hell, he ought to know a sonofabitch when he sees one.

As to the reliability of McCarthy's judgment there is some question. On the theory that it takes a thief to catch a thief, McCarthy may very easily be the most competent judge in the country. Being a young man, he is not the veteran observer that Truman is, but his experience in the Marine Corps must not be discounted. Marines, we have heard, are not unfamiliar with the term or the species.

If Truman and McCarthy are accepted as proper judges, there remains the problem of definition. There are recognized degrees in sonofabitchery: there are even certain identifying regional characteristics.

In Alabama we have what is known as the "net" sonofabitch. This is the type which, when you look at him some ways, he looks pretty decent; but when you look at him other ways, he's hopeless. When you add up all the ways and get the net — well, he's just a "net sonofabitch."

Then we have what is known as the "revolving" sonofabitch. This is the type which, any way you look at him, he's a sonofa-

bitch. There is no possible way that you can look at him and see anything redeeming. Several of this type produced in Alabama have become famous or notorious.

The worst type, completely nauseous, however, is what we call the "sanctimonious sonofabitch." This is a refinement of the revolving type. After thieving your horse or telling you a contrived lie, he then proceeds to try to save your soul or to enlist you in a crusade for democracy. This type we concede is insufferable for mortal men, so it is always open season on them: you can legally shoot them on sight, but never use a good gun; they don't deserve it. For an authentic, American, revolving, sanctimonious sonofabitch, we recommend that you borrow a sharecropper's broken-down old double-barreled shotgun and blast the rascal's head off with buckshot.

In Pearson's case, of course, we do not presume to sit in judgment. We know the man only by reputation. It's possible that he is a great crusader for human decency, sincere and as truthful as the man who cut down the cherry tree, with a noble heart that pants after democracy. But can it also be possible that his judges are right — that he is an authentic, Amer-

ican, revolving, sanctimonious sonofabitch?

Scholars from all sections of the country are invited to contribute to the study begun in this essay. Is it true that there has been an inflation in epithets comparable to the inflation in currency? Are sonsofbitches growing more prevalent? If so, why? And if Pearson is not the authentic American sonofabitch, who is? To the authors of the best essays touching on this problem, the editor of the MERCURY will have delivered a jug of the world's finest bourbon whiskey, made by his own hand.

* * *

The best of the Pullman smoker yarns we've heard recently is the one about the Yankee salesman and the lanky Texan. It happened on the train from Chicago to Dallas.

An attractive lady was traveling down to Dallas; and after eyeing her most of the trip, the Yankee salesman from across the aisle spoke to her as the train neared Dallas. He moved over and sat by her.

"You going to Dallas?" he asked.

"Yes, I am."

"That's a coincidence; so am

I," the salesman said. "You wouldn't happen to be stopping at the Baker Hotel."

"Why, yes!" the lady said.

The salesman then suggested a rendezvous at his room; and when the lady hesitated, he added in a low voice: "Oh, come on. We'll not only have a drink and a lot of laughs, but I can give you ten or fifteen dollars."

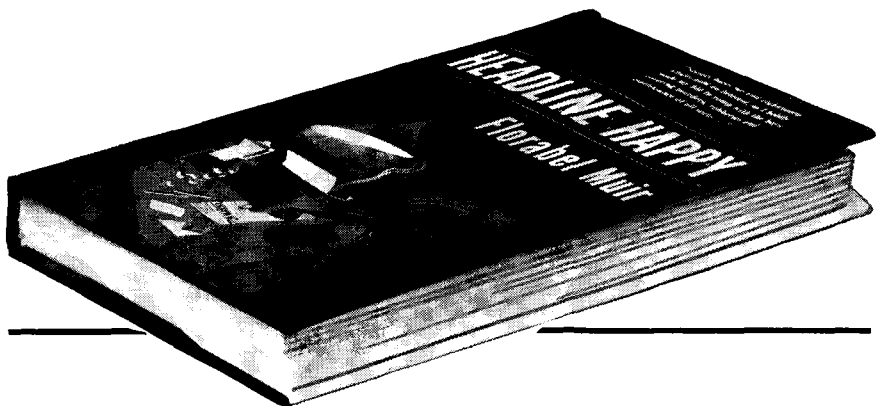
The lady rose, her eyes flashing, and ordered the salesman back to his seat. The lanky Texan, observing her distress, stepped to her side.

"Is this varmint annoyin' you, miss?" he asked.

"Why, yes," she said. "He suggested that I come to his room — and he offered me ten or fifteen dollars!"

The Texan exploded with rage. "He did, did he!" he spat. He jerked out two six-shooters and emptied them into the Yankee salesman. Then, with all the remaining passengers cowering in their Pullman sections, he quickly reloaded his guns and pointed them menacingly down the aisle.

"And now," he shouted, "are there any more of you Yankees who want to raise the price of women in Texas!"



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